THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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Opening of the Centennial.

The Centennial Exhibition opens to-day. Our readers have been kept fully informed of the progress that has been made, and is making, to make this great show a success. By our Philadelphia correspondent we shall all through the summer keep our readers informed of what is going on there, as many who cannot attend will wish to know how good and creditable a display America makes to the eyes of the world. The city is fast filling up with foreigners, and every effort that can be thought of is being made to accommodate the vast multitude that will flock to see this grand exhibition of the industries and mechanical skill, not only of our own people, but of the world. The influence for good which this display will have can not be estimated. It will give a clearer comprehension of the advancement in the arts and sciences, and in the civilization of the older countries, than the great mass of the people have ever had. It will clear our minds of many errors, and perhaps cure us of some of our egotism, and lead us to see that there are other people as far advanced in civilization as are we. There is nothing which so much retards progress as for a people to obtain the idea that they are the only, and most, cultivated people, and that wisdom dies with them. The impression has been quite prevalent among the common people that only Christian countries were civilized. The display made at Philadelphia by some so-called uncivilized countries will no doubt excite no little amount of wonder and surprise, and should prompt us to greater liberality of thought and opinions. For this reason, if for no other, every facility should be given to the poor people to attend this exhibition of the world's industries, and we hope to see, before the close, a more liberal arrangement made as to price of admission. America cannot afford to make of this show a mere catchpenny affair. The good results that are to come from it are not in the money that it will bring at the gate, but in the lasting good it will bring through the higher education of the people, a good that will be felt as long as the Republic stands. At the present price of admission, it is estimated that it will cost in gate money alone to see the whole of this vast show in all its parts about thirty dollars. This will induce many men—not very poor, either—to stay away altogether. To go from the central part of the State, and pay car fare, and expenses in the city long enough to see the whole Exhibition, and then pay thirty dollars admittance fee, is an expense that many a man who feels comparatively well fixed, as regards this world's goods, will feel himself unable to bear. We have no doubt that before the affair is over some arrangement will be made, and every American citizen who can possibly "make it" should go, and take his boys and girls, especially if they are of an age to be benefitted by what they will there see and learn. It is an opportunity, that in all human probability, will never come again to the present generation.

THE economical old gentleman who stopped feeding his horse until he discovered the culprit who stole a bag of oats showed sufficient wisdom to entitle him to a seat in Congress under Democratic patronage. While looking for the thief he lost his horse by starvation.

The business of the Government is suffering for needed appropriations; actual necessities are denied the departments, and great embarrassments are likely to follow; yet a Democratic House wastes its time in trying to discover if every dollar spent during the past fifteen years has gone as far as it ought to have gone. In other words, the country is suffering for needed legislation while Democratic committees are looking for the fellow who stole the bag of oats.

——Go to Green's for your cigars.

Shall the Northern People Forget that there has Been a Rebellion?

We know that there are half a million of graves in this country in which sleep the soldiers of the Republic who fell in defense of the Union. We know that there is a vast public debt, and that gold as a circulating medium has disappeared and become an article of commerce. We know something has occurred by the presence of a class of men in Congress who for four years called themselves foreigners, fought under the Stars and Bars, an unrecognized rag, and slaughtered the husbands and fathers of the myriad widows and orphans on the pension rolls; and who, as Senators or Representatives in the Legislature of the United States, are as much out of place and out of accord with sound patriotic public sentiment as the presence of a Tory in the Continental Congress. These men in that place, with the bloody record of the years of war, and since 1865, while accounting for everything, for debt, taxation, broken homes, and financial disturbance, all directly traceable to the crime of the rebellion, and which would not have been had there been no war, seem utterly unable to account for themselves; and in their effort to keep the "lost cause" prominent by their vile political injustice in the South, and by habits of disloyalty in their present situation, have not only lost the respect of right thinking men, but demonstrated their unfitness to possess power.

The Bourbon Democracy of the South and North are rollicking in the political slough of despond, and are tugging at the skirts of Time with all their strength to pull him back to 1860, beyond which they appear not to have advanced, and they will not let go, because the years from 1860 to 1876 are a blank to them, and they are determined to keep on tugging, with their faces turned toward 1776, designing to refresh their spirits hugely in every annual resurrection as they retrograde to the commencement of the century. Pursuing their backward career, they will clothe themselves anew in the most repulsive of Mr. Calhoun's doctrines, and carry away with them such as have been exploded a thousand times, or which, if received, will foster the seeds of treason and rebellion forever. The following sample is enchanting, and was fresh from the pen of Mr. Calhoun on the 25th of July, 1831, and formed part of his "address" published by Duff Green:

> The great and leading principle is, that the General Government emanated from the people of the several states, forming distinct political communities, and acting in their separate and sovereign capacity, and not from all the people forming one aggregate political community; that the Constitution of the United States is in fact a compact to which such states is a party, in the character already described; and that the several states or parties have a right to judge of its infractions, and in the case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of power not delegated, they have the right, in the last resort, to use the language of the Virginia resolution, "to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining, within their respective limits, the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them."

In this view the people of the mightiest republic on earth can have no nationality; and the deadly night shade of rebellion becomes simply a flower of perrennial beauty.

This determination to live in the past, to drag back the present until it shall touch something that has grovelled before the Slave Power, its aims and its exercise, and ignore the future, is a sign of the times with the Confederate and Bourbon Democracy. To the Confederate side of the House, entertaining such sentiments, the Centennial year must be productive of misery. They cannot obliterate the progress which bridges time from 1776 to 1876, and they cannot quench the spirit which, outside of the South, is still pushing onward and will carry the remainder of the country with it, and progress always develops higher views of duty, and a truer regard for the rights and wants of man. They can, therefore, only quote the Centennial year as having a blank of fifteen other years behind it, in which a terrible crime was committed they want you to forget and never refer to, while they can refer to nothing else, and make you remember the crimes of their rebellion by the crimes of to-day, which come ringing up to the ears of the people from the states of the South under Democratic control, in obstructing white and colored Republicans in the exercise of their rights as citizens by intimidation and death!

The rebellion is responsible for this; and until its spirit is subdued there can be no restoration of fraternal feeling, if ever the South was in fraternity with the old free states. Republicans especially are called upon to watch the attitude of the Southern Democracy assisted by their Northern sympathizers. The rebellion must be borne in mind until the effects of it have ceased; and the pardoned Confederates must understand that they will not be permitted to grow rich through the operation of the measures of reconstruction, and turn their wealth to the support and protection of disloyalty, and to perpetrating the barbarous practices of slavery. Forget the rebellion! Never, until the Southern Democracy learn to become good citizens and obedient to the law.

Adjournment of the Legislature.

The Pennsylvania Legislature adjourned on the 5th inst., and the people may rejoice that Harrisburg is cleared of one of the most corrupt and useless bodies that ever assembled in that city, so far as the House of Representatives is concerned. The time has been taken up in useless bombast and investigations, at an unparalleled cost to the people, instead of enacting such laws as the people demanded. Although several local laws were asked for by the people of Centre county, not one of them was enacted by the House, which were promptly acted upon and passed by the Senate. What influence was brought to bear on Messrs. Alexander and Shugert to induce them to allow obnoxious laws to remain in force against the poor and middle classes has not been made public. One of the greatest outrages that ever was perpetrated on any community by legislative enactment was the Kurtz Notary law of 1867, increasing the fees to extortionate rates. Notwithstanding its repeal was asked for by hundreds of the citizens of Centre county, and it was passed six to eight weeks ago by the Senate, Messrs. Alexander and Shugert did not have energy or influence enough to pass it in the House, or would not do it, thereby keeping a law in force that is actual oppression to the people. We understand that Messrs. Alexander and Shugert are candidates for re-election. Let it be understood that they are in favor of high fees, which are detrimental to the interests of mechanics, laborers, and farmers. This question is not a party matter. Let the information be spread among those interested, without respect to party, and when the time comes for nominrtions the derelict members will be called to account for their shortcomings; and we hope an overwhelming defeat awaits them.

OCCASIONALLY a lunatic finds his way to the Democratic committee room. A short time since one of these addled-brained individuals was placed upon the stand. He was the possessor of a State secret, that, once told, would blow the Republican camp sky high. Gradually he approached the fatal revelation. It was none other than that President Grant had called upon him at midnight and begged him not to appear before the committee. Here was a grand bonanza, but it faded from sight when the witness declared that his door was locked, he was in bed, and that Grant's spirit came in at the window. The committee could have been purchased cheap. They thought, or the Democratic members did, that they had caught the President at last, but when they discovered that they had only got his spirit, and that from the lips of a lunatic, they dropped the pursuit and discharged the witness. What next? When the jail and the asylum fails to convict, from what source will these Bourbon inquisitors procure the desired evidence?

IF some Democratic genius could invent some plan to utilize the gas daily generated in the present House of Representatives the appropriation for lighting public buildings might be stricken out altogether. As an economic idea we commend it to the faithful.

——If you need garden seeds, you can get them at Green's.

To "S. F. C."

The streams that water earth the most,
And lay its thick and heated dust,
Are those, the murmuring of whose flow
Make quiet music as they go.
Unseen, perhaps,
In their sweet lapse
Adown.

So lives that bless our earth the most,
And melt to dew its chilling frost,
By many are unknown, unseen,
Because so quiet, so serene.
But noticed, lives
By Him who gives
The crown.

Then, Elfie, if you would fulfill
On earth your loving Father's will,
Let the suffusion of Christ's love
Bathe in quiescence of above
Your heart. Meanwhile
You'll have God's smile—
No frown.

ROCK SPRINGS, PA.

Message of the President.

The President, on last Thursday, sent the following message to the House, in reply to Representative Blackburn's resolution:

To the House of Representatives: I have given very attentive consideration to a resolution of the House of Representatives, passed on the 3d day of April, requesting the President of the United States to inform the House whether any executive offices, acts or duties, and if any, what have, within a specified period, been performed at a distance from the seat of Government established by law, etc.

I have never hesitated, and shall not hesitate, to communicate to Congress and to either branch thereof, all the information which the constitution makes it the duty of the President to give, or which my judgment may suggest to me, or a request from either House may indicate to me will be useful in the discharge of the appropriate duties confided to them. I fail, however, to find in the Constitution of the United States the authority given to the House of Representatives (one branch of the Congress in which is vested the legislative power of the Government) to require of the Executive, an independent branch of the Government coordinate with the Senate and House of Representatives, an account of his discharge of the appropriate and partly executive offices, acts and duties, either as to when, where or how performed. What the House of Representatives may require as a right in its demands upon the Executive for information is limited to what is necessary for the proper discharge of its powers of legislation or of impeachment. The inquiry in the resolution of the House as to where Executive acts have, within the last seven years, been performed, and at what distance from any particular spot, or for how long a period at any one time, etc., does not properly belong to the province of legislation. It does not profess to be asked for that object. If this information be sought through an inquiry of the President as to his executive acts in view or in aid of the power of impeachment vested in the House, it is asked in derogation of an inherent natural right, recognized in this country by a constitutional guarantee, which protects every citizen, the President as well as the humblest in the land, from being made a witness against himself.

During the time I have had the honor to occupy the position of President of this Government, it has been, and while I continue to occupy that position, it will continue to be, my earnest endeavor to recognize and respect the several trusts and duties and powers of the coordinate branches of the Government agreeably to the constitution, and in accordance with the solemn oath which I have taken to "preserve, protect and defend" that instrument. In maintenance of the rights secured by the constitution to the Executive branch of the Government, I am compelled to decline any specific or detailed answer to the request of the House for information as to "any executive offices, acts, or duties, and if any, what have been performed at a distance from the seat of Government established by law, and for how long a period at any one time, and in what part of the United States?"

If, however, the House of Representatives desires to know whether, during the period of upwards of seven years during which I have held the office of President of the United States, I have been absent from the seat of Government, and whether during that period I have performed, or have neglected to perform, the duties of my office, I freely inform the House that from the time of my entrance upon my office I have been in the habit, as were all my predecessors (with the exception of one who lived only one month after assuming the duties of his office, and one whose continued presence in Washington was necessary from the existence at the time of a powerful rebellion), of absenting myself at times from the seat of Government, and that during such absences, I did not neglect or forego the obligations or the duties of my office, but continued to discharge all of the Executive offices, acts and duties which were required of me as President of the United States. [Applause from the Republican side.] I am not aware that a failure occurred in any one instance of my exercising the functions and powers of my office, in every case requiring their discharge, or of my exercising all necessary executive acts, in whatever part of the United States I may at the time have been. Fortunately the rapidity of travel and of mail communication, and the facility of almost instantaneous correspondence with the offices at the seat of Government, which the telegraph affords the President in whatever section of the Union he may be, enable him, in these days, to maintain as constant and almost as quick intercourse with the department at Washington as may be maintained while he remains in the Capitol.

The necessity of performance of executive acts by the President of the United States exists and is developed on him whenever he may be within the United States. During his term of office, by the Constitution of the United States, his civil powers are no more limited or capable of limitation as to the place where they shall be exercised, than are those which he might be required to discharge in his capacity of Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, which latter, however, it is evident, he might be called upon to exercise, possibly even without the limits of the United States. Had the efforts of those recently in rebellion against the Government been successful in drivinga late President of the United States from Washington, it is manifest that he must have discharged his functions, both civil and military, elsewhere than in the place named by law as the seat of government. No act of Congress can limit, suspend or confine this constitutional duty.

I am not aware of the existence of any act of Congress which assumes thus to limit or restrict the exercise of the functions of the Executive; were there such acts I should, nevertheless, recognize the superior authority of the Constitution, and should exercise the powers required thereby of the President. The acts to which reference is made in the resolution of the House relate to the establishment of the seat of Government and the providing of a suitable building and removal thereto of the officers attached to the Government, &c. It was not understood at its date and by General Washington to confine the President in the discharge of his duties and powers to actual presence at the seat of Government.

On the 30th of March, 1791, shortly after the passage of the act referred to, General Washington issued an Executive proclamation having reference to the subject of this very act, from Georgetown, a place remote from Philadelphia, which was then the seat of Government, where the act referred to directed that "all officers attached to the seat of Government should for the time remain." That none of his successors have entertained the idea that their Executive offices could be performed only at the seat of Government, is evidenced by the hundreds of such acts performed by my predecessors, in an unbroken line from Washington to Lincoln, a memorandum of the general nature and character of some of which acts is submitted herewith, and no question has ever been raised as to the validity of those acts, or as to the right and propriety of the Executive to exercise the powers of his office in any part of the United States.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

Washington, D. C., May 4, 1876.

Accompanying the message is a memorandum of absences of the Presidents of the United States from the National Capital during each of the several administrations, and of public and executive acts performed during the time of such absences.

This memorandum contains the following information, and much more of the same general character, only the most important of the acts cited in the memorandum being selected for mention in this abstract:

President Washington was frequently absent from the Capital. He appears to have been absent at least 181 days during his term. In March 1791, the seat of Government being then at Philadelphia, he issued a proclamation dated at Georgetown, in reference to running a boundary for the District of Columbia. He signed at Mt. Vernon an official letter to the Emperor of Morocco, and from the same place issued the commission of Oliver Walcott, as Comptroller of the Treasury, and the proclamation respecting the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania. Also the proclamation of the treaty of 1795 with Spain and the Executive Order of August 4, 1795, relative to the duties on distilled spirits, &c.

When at Germantown he signed sundry commissions. He proposed to have Mr. Yrujo officially presented to him at Mt. Vernon as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Spain, and Mr. Yrujo went there for that purpose, but the ceremony of presentation was prevented by an accidental omission of the Minister to bring his credentials.

President John Adams was absent from the Capitol during his term of four years on various occasions 385 days; he discharged official duties and performed the most solemn public acts at Quincy, Massachusetts, in the same manner as when at the seat of Government. Several of them are recited, and it is specified that, on the 28th day of September, 1797, he forwarded to the Secretary of the State, a commission for a Justice of the Supreme Court, signed in blank at Quincy, with instructions to fill the name of John Marshall, if he would accept, and if not, that of Bushrod Washington.

President Jefferson was absent 637 days, and President Monroe was absent 708 days, independent of the year 1824, and two months of 1825, for which period no data are found. The latter transacted public business wherever he happened to be, and sometimes while traveling.

President John Quincy Adams was absent during his single term 222 days, and in his memoirs (vol. 8, page 75) speaks of his practice of leaving with his Chief Clerk, blank papers signed by him, "to be used, when necessary, for proclamations, remission of penalties and commissions of consuls." He speaks, also, of doing this same thing in regard to patents and land grants.

President Jackson was absent from the seat of Government 502 days. Among other important acts performed by him when away from Washington, was his signing, at Boston, the famous order for the removal of the deposits from the State banks.

The memorandum at this point refers to President Jackson's refusal in 1833 to furnish the Senate a copy of a certain paper alleged to have been read by him to the Cabinet, and mentions that, in January, 1837, he refused to allow a committee of the House of Representatives to make a general investigation of the Executive departments without specific charges, on the ground, amongst others, that the use of the official books and records for such purposes interferes with the discharge of the public business. Other Presidents were absent from Washington and performed numerous official duties while absent: Van Buren, 131 days; Tyler, 163; Polk, 37; Taylor, 31; Fillmore, 60; Pierce, 57, and Buchanan 57. No mention is made of absence of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson.

A Romantic Affair.

"Truth Stranger than Fiction."

(From the Sunbury Democrat, 21st April.)

There was great excitement at the depot on Wednesday night, April 12th, a short time before the arrival of the 12:30 train going south, caused by an attempt of a ruffian to recapture an escaped kidnapped young woman. The following are the particulars: The young woman, aged about eighteen, arrived here on Wednesday afternoon, on the train from Hazleton, being on her way to Reading. She was informed that she would be obliged to wait until the midnight train, and she sought a place to remain until the train should arrive. As she desired to be near the depot, she was directed to the St. Charles Hotel, where she went. A few minutes before the arrival of the train she started to the depot, and when about half-way across the street the would-be abductor suddenly came upon her, whereupon she screamed "murder, murder!" which soon brought all hands out of the depot. The ruffian, who had evidently followed her secretly, seeing the danger of himself being captured, made speedy tracks and was soon among the missing.

The young lady's story is that when quite a child she was stolen from her home by a band of gypsies, and that she had made frequent attempts to escape, but each time was re-captured, the last time being threatened with death if she made a similar attempt, but she did, and barely escaped re-capture on Wednesday night. She was properly taken care of by the railroad employees, one of whom accompanied her as far as Harrisburg, and there seen that she was placed in safety on the train for her home in Reading.

We are sorry that we cannot chronicle the capture of the villain, and hope that he may yet meet the punishment that he deserves. The young lady's story was corroborated in part by her dark complexion and clothing, being dressed as gypsies usually are. She said she recognized in the voice of her assailant one of the gypsy band.

——Josh says it always makes him mad to meet a man on the street who tries to pass on both sides of him at once.

——The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, met at Cleveland last Tuesday. There are now over six hundred lodges of the order in this State.

——A number of Bellefonters left town on Monday and Tuesday for Philadelphia, to participate in the opening ceremonies of the Centennial.

——Piper, the belfry murderer of Boston, has confessed to having murdered the child for whose murder he was lately tried, also to the murder of two other children. He says he did the deed each time under the influence of stimulant.

——We call attention of our readers to the advertisement of Galbraith & White in another column. Mr. Galbraith is one of the best plumbers in the county, as everyone can testify who has employed him. He is employed to do all the best work in this town. All wanting service of this kind should give him a call.

——On Friday night the flouring mill of Wm. M. Lyon & Co., at the old Bald Eagle Furnace, caught fire, and was entirely consumed. The mill was leased by A. M. Lindsey, Esq., who was operating it to its full capacity. Mr. Lindsey left the mill about midnight in charge of an employee, who did not discover the fire till it was burning out of the roof. It is not known how the fire originated, but it is supposed to come from a hot journal or spontaneous combustion. Mr. Lindsey's loss is partially covered by $3,000 insurance. No insurance on the mill.

Poetry.

The Old School Book.

On the old school book, in its dusty nook,
With a tearful eye in gaze;
Come down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend
In talking of the bygone days.
I gaze once more, as in days of yore,
On the task that vexed the brain:
The lesson done, and victory won,
And I feel I'm a child again.

And I seem to stand with the youthful band
In the old house on the green;
I hear the fun 'ere the school began,
And I join in the gladsome scene.
I take my place, with a sober face;
O'er the well-carved desk I bend,
And hourly pour o'er the learned lore
Of thy wonderful page, old friend.

Then our cares were few, and our friends were true,
And our griefs were rare and light;
The world was naught (so we fondly thought)
But a region of pure delight.
But time has sped, and our path has led
Through the dark and tearful scene;
And passed away are the good and gay,
Like the old house on the green.

But we'll sing no more of the days of yore,
For the tear-drop dims the eye;
Sleep on, old book, in thy dusty nook,
As in years that have glided by;
No guilt we trace in thy honest face,
But a mine of gold within
Enrich the youth, as they sought for truth,
In the old house on the green.

"What Do I Know?"

BY JOHN W. SHADWICK.

So ran the motto on a seal;
His whose rare wit doth sprightlier dance
Than any other that hath used
The laughter, loving speech of France.

Upon this heaven-kissing hill,
On this midsummer day of days,
That sad old question shoulders in
Among my thoughts of prayer and praise.

What do I know? Not much, alas!
Of all the breadth and depth and height
That presses upon soul and sense
From day to day, from night to night.

And yet I know the light is sweet,
And pleasant 'tis to see the sun,
What time he climbs the eastern hills,
And when his course is nearly done.

I know the look of wind-blown grass,
The quiet rustle of the corn,
The lusty song the thresher sings
To usher in the glowing morn.

I know to what a merry tune
Yon river ripples on its way,
And how, along its leafy brim,
The drooping branches softly sway.

I know the springs that trickle down
Through many a rod of brush and fern;
Divinely cool, nor Zeus himself
Drank better from Hebe's urn.

I know what fine enchantments lurk
In clouds that trail their shadows dun
O'er hill and vale, or lie at ease
Along the west at set of sun.

I know the night is calm and cool
And welcome when the day is spent;
And, when it fills the sky with stars,
Fills all my soul with sweet content.

But in the worlds of thought and love
Yet more and better things I know
Than this midsummer day of days,
For all its treasures, has to show.

I know that many friends are kind,
That many hearts are fond and true;
I know—but hush! I may not tell
The half I know, Montaigne, to you.

Wherefore, oh, skeptic, go and try
Your question in some other ear;
I know enough to keep my heart
Brim full of joy from year to year.

Our Story Teller.

John Stephen's Pericardium.

"Now I am going to tell you just what my husband said to me this morning, doctor, word for word," and the invalid, Mrs. Stephens, lay back on the sofa pillow, the very picture of misery.

The family physician, who was called on an average to the Stephens mansion three hundred and sixty times a year, drew a chair close to the couch, and waited quietly for his patient to open her book of complaints.

"Last night, you see, doctor, I had an ill turn, and he wanted to come for you; but when I got so he dared to leave me, he concluded then we'd better let you sleep."

"Much obliged to him," said the doctor, with a sarcastic emphasis on the personal pronoun. "Last night was the first undisturbed night's rest I have enjoyed for a week."

Mrs. Stephens continued:

"This spell is the same as I had the last time you were sent for doctor—"

"A slight nervous attack," broke in the physician; "nothing more."

"Well, it don't make any difference what you call it, it was mighty hard to bear; but let me tell you what my husband said first doctor, before we go into symptoms. When he was going down to breakfast, he says to me, 'Kate what shall I send you up?'"

"Says I, 'I don't want anything in the world but a good strong cup of tea. Tell Bridget to send it up in the little tea pot.' I saw, doctor, that he didn't move after I said this, so I turned and looked up at him, and such a picture of rage and disgust I never saw in my life. Finally, says he, Tea! tea! tea! its nothing but tea from morning till night. Kate, says he, 'you are the color of a Chinaman now. Why don't you order a good piece of beefsteak and a slice of brown bread and a cup of chocolate? That would be a sensible breakfast.'"

"'But John,' says I, 'you forget that I am sick and have no appetite.' I was all ready to cry, but I was determined that he shouldn't have the satisfaction of seeing the tears fall."

"'Forget, says he, 'forget? I wish to Heaven I could forget. It's nothing but grunt and groan from one year's end to the other. I have lost all patience with you,' says he. 'When we lived in part of a house, and you did your own housework, you was as well and happy as anybody, and no man ever had a pleasanter little home than John Stephens; but what have I now to leave or to come back to?' and this; doctor, is what he ended up with:"

"'Kate,' says he, 'you are nothing more or less than a drunkard, and in the sight of God, more culpable than most of the men who stagger through the streets, because the majority of those poor devils have some sort of an excuse for their conduct, and you haven't the slightest. You have a luxurious home, a husband doing his level best to make you happy—everything under the light of the sun to please you, and yet you will persist in swilling tea.' Yes, doctor, swilling was the word he used—boo! boo! boo! O dear me! to think I should ever have lived to have heard such dreadful language out of my husband's mouth; and then he says, 'and making me as miserable a wretch as walks the earth.'"

"Pretty plain talk," interrupted the doctor, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"O, yes," sobbed the victim; "and so awfully coarse and unkind. If I had a spell, and died there before his very face, I don't believe he would have cared a snap of his finger. I tell you Dr. Ellis, there is such a thing as a man's getting hardened."

"Evidently," replied the physician, with a laconicism absolutely painful.

"But my husband has nothing in the world to trouble him but just my poor health; and I am sure I can't help that." This remark was more in answer to her companion's tone and manner than the one single word that had accidentally escaped his lips, and this the doctor felt.

"Anybody would think by the way he goes on," continued the irate woman, "that I enjoyed myself with spasms and cramps and fainting fits. Anybody would think it a pleasure to me to feel every time I see a funeral procession as if the hearse was going to stop at our door next. O, yes! such a life is very enjoyable, very, indeed."

Dr. Ellis took no notice of the last words; the man's eyes grew luminous, and his whole face declared that he considered himself master of the situation; and had not Mrs. Stephens been so entirely taken up with her own ailments, mental and physical, that honest countenance would have betrayed him.

"You say," he began, settling himself in the large easy chair, and assuming a strictly professional air, "that your husband has nothing to trouble him but your health; how do you know that Mrs. Stephens?"

"How? Why, how do I know anything? By the evidence of your senses. Don't I know that John Stephens has a splendid business that looks after itself, a magnificent income, and money enough to live on the bare interest, as well as a family need to live, if he never entered his office again while he has breath?"

"But money isn't everything, Mrs. Stephens," proceeded the physician, with a calmness almost Mephistophelean. "There are other troubles besides money troubles. How about health, madam?"

"Health?" repeated the lady with a smile she intended to be sarcastic to the last degree. "Health? Dr. Ellis? Why there isn't a healthier or sounder man than my husband in the United States. He eats more in one meal than I do in three months."

"There is nothing the matter with your husband's stomach, Mrs. Stephens." Dr. Ellis shaded his face with his hand, and waited further developments. Mrs. Stephens mistook this attempt at forced concealment for emotions, and immediately assuming a sitting posture, brushed her eyes, and looked piercingly into her companion's face.

"Why do you accent the word 'stomach' so strongly, Dr. Ellis?" she inquired in anxious tones. Mrs. Stephens was forgetting herself, and this the doctor hailed as an excellent omen.

"Only that I can make you understand that a man's digestion could be most unexceptionable, and yet he be far from sound in other directions."

"Then you mean to tell me that my husband is sick." "I do."

"Perhaps you will go still further, and say dangerously?"

"If you desire it."

"O, Dr. Ellis, how cold and unfeeling you are! I should think you ought to know by this time—" and just here Mrs. Stephens broke down entirely, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Ought to know what, Mrs. Stephens?" inquired the doctor, with un-called-for deliberation.

"You ought to know—to know—that my—my husband's health and life are of a good deal more consequence to me than my own."

"Ah, indeed," interrupted the physician, with an elevation of the bushy eye brows, immensely suggestive of a contrary opinion, as well as several very excellent reasons for said opinion.

"Dr. Ellis, will you be kind enough to tell me what's the matter with my husband?"

Mrs. Stephens was now on her feet—tears all wiped away, eyes flashing with resentful spirits, and only the little quiver of her lip to show how deep a wound the kind heart in her bosom had sustained. There she stood, reproachful, defiant, determined, womanly. The doctor was delighted, and such an honest face it was that he carried around with him from door to door, from sunrise to sunset, every day in the year, that it was a mighty hard matter to keep it from an immediate betrayal of the whole purpose.

"Mrs. Stephens," said he, "you have no cause to be alarmed. If I can only get your co-operation in this business, I feel certain I shall be able to make a well man of your husband in a few months, at the longest; but, as true as I sit here before you, I cannot do this alone."

"Why have I not been informed of this before?" broke in Mrs. Stephens, imperiously.

"Who was there to inform you, madam? Your husband does not know his condition, and I should really like to be told when you have been sufficiently calm to hear all that was necessary for you to know."

"But, Dr. Ellis, I should think you ought to have understood that my own health and comfort are nothing, compared to my own husband's." Mrs. Stephens was weeeping again. "There is no sacrifice that I would not make for him."

"Curious creature" muttered the doctor: "delightful bundle of contradictions. How the mischief should I know, Mrs. Stephens, how much you care for your husband? I am sure you have spent the last hour complaining about him. Is that the way women generally testify their regard for their husbands?"

"Oh, don't, Dr. Ellis, please don't," pleaded the terrified woman. "I will never complain again—never—if you will only let me know what I can do for him. Do you know, doctor, I had begun to think lately that something must be amiss with him, he was growing so irritable. Poor dear, how wicked and thoughtless I have been."

"This, then is the trouble. I shall take it for granted, madam, that you know something about physiology, and can follow me without difficulty."

"O—yes, for mercy sake, go on."

"Very well; I find that the pericardium—"

"The pericardium!" repeated Mrs. Stephens.

"You know what it is, I suppose?"

"Evidently Mrs. Stephens' anatomical knowledge was limited. She shook her head in despair. "Something about the heart, is it not?" she asked, at last.

"Yes, the pericardium is the membraneous sac that holds the heart. Well sometimes this sac—it is no matter about particulars, Mrs. Stephens," and Dr. Ellis suddenly came to a standstill.

"It is enough, though, for me to say that we are both possibly anxious that his heart should remain where it belongs. Mr. Stephens must be amused. He wants the opera, the lecture, the social circle, entertaining books—a happy home—music. You play and sing, do you not, Mrs. Stephens?"

"Oh yes—I used to," and Mrs. Stephens tones were so pitiful that big Dr. Ellis really and truly was obliged to wipe both his eyes and his nose. Before he was aware, the lachrymal duct had gotten the upper hand.

"Well, try it again; get a teacher, and go to practicing."

"But how am I to manage my spasms?" sobbed the lady.

"Well, perhaps between us both—you using your will power, and thinking of your husband, going out with him, and taking care of him, and I doing my best in my way—we may be able to subdue them; but you must remember this, madam—do not let Mr. Stephens have the faintest suspicion that you think anything is the matter with him; and above all do not treat him like an invalid. Just amuse him, and all that, you know, just as you used to when you were first married."

Another series of sobs from Mrs. Stephens.

The doctor arose to go. His patient had entirely forgotten that he had left no prescription.

"About tea, doctor," she asked as he prepared to leave. "Do you think it is so very hurtful?"

"As an occasional tonic, I have no objection to tea; but as a daily beverage, madam, it is an invention of the devil. Good-morning."

John Stephens sought his home that evening with a heavy heart. His wife he believed a confirmed invalid, or hypocondriac—it mattered little which; one was as bad as the other. His remonstrances were of no avail, he was doubtful even whether his wife loved him. He opened the door softly with his latch key. This had become habitual; seldom did the gentleman show himself to his beloved wife until after the dinner bell had summoned the family to the dining-room.

A strain of music met and transfixed him on the very threshold. Abt's beautiful song was being rendered, and his wife was the musician. He was just in time to hear:

"The eyes that cannot weep
Are the saddest eyes of all."

For a full year this charming voice had been as silent as the grave.

"Company, perhaps," he muttered. Curiosity overcame him, and he opened the parlor door and peeped in. There was Mrs. John Stephens, becomingly attired, all alone as enthusiastic over the fine rendition of a piece of music as he had ever seen her.

"What does this mean, Kate?" he asked, with outstretched arms.

"That I have given up, and am going to try hard to be well. I guess my voice will come back, John."

"I guess so," he replied, folding her tight to his heart.

Three months after this the cure was so radical that Dr. Ellis made a clean breast of the whole thing; and there is no word or set of words that can provoke so hearty a laugh in the happy home of the Stephen's as this physiologically scientific one—Pericardium.

The Village Clergyman.

An extraordinary story is told in a recent letter from England, of a clergyman who supports his family upon a small salary and what he can earn by his violin playing for strolling dramatic companies and other wandering bodies—circuses probably and menageries. This is a rural clergyman, of course; and how many of them there are in this country who would gladly do the same thing, with the same result, if they could. More than once the Easy Chair has pleaded their cause, and been almost willing to behold a return to the days when the clergyman was king of his parish. The clerical has been always the educated guild. The satisfaction in seeing for how long a period the highest offices in England were in ecclesiastical hands is due to the fact that they were the educated hands. Something of the old social deference is paid to the clergyman, not because he is of a spiritual, but of a cultivated, hierarchy. In the village he is especially the scholar. He is, ex-officio, often a member of the school committee, the leader of the lyceum and the debating club, the director of the library. He is at the call of everybody for the most various purposes. Is it possible to think of the endless prosing and commonplace to which he must needs listen, the outpouring of bores, the flow of folly in every degree, when his studies, or his rest or his pleasure demands him elsewhere, without the utmost sympathy? The one man in the village who should be most largely remunerated for hard and various work is the clergyman. But while men of other professions can earn immense sums for their professional services, the income of no clergyman is comparable to that of men of the same ability in other professions and pursuits. Dr. Hopkins, the famous divine whom Mrs. Stowe makes the hero of her Minister's Wooing, when he preached in Newport after the revolution, was supported by a weekly collection which amounted to about two hundred dollars a year, and he had the use of a small parsonage. One of the richest members of the society, and a "communicant," subscribed "ninepence," or twelve and a half cents, for every Sunday in the year, and which, said the patient doctor, was much less than subscribing nothing, because it diminished the subscriptions of poorer men.

The English incident of the clergyman eking out his support by playing a fiddle in the orchestra, and perhaps, upon occasion, for the dance, recalls the humiliating condition of the chaplain in old English country-houses, as it appears in Macauley and the old novels. It was good fortune if he could marry the lady's maid or worse. But there never was a time in our history when the clergyman held other than a respectable position. Often enough now it is a desperate struggle upon the slender pittance that he receives to maintain himself properly with those who are his natural associates. Often enough it is implied by brutal or merely dull men that he is a kind of pensioner upon the bounty of others. But no shoemaker or carpenter or ditch digger or lawyer or doctor or stock-broker or gold gambler or merchant, earns his money more legitimately or by sincerer toil of brain or body. As the factitious part of this position disappears, and he stands upon his real and not his perfunctory spiritual service in the world, the essential dignity of his calling is enhanced, and the donation party becomes only a well-meaning insult.

There are many remote villages in this country where the story of the fiddling English clergyman will be heard with amazement, and a little contempt for a country that would compel any pastor to such a strait. Those quiet and comfortable little villages will probably thank God that they are not as other villages are, especially that particular English village. But it was not that spirit which the parable honors. It was he who prayed for mercy to him a sinner who is commended to our love and sympathy. If it be a shabby thing that an English village should compel a clergyman to fiddle for a living, is it a cause of praise that an American village should permit its clergyman to scrimp and squeeze to rub through the year, or to be forced into debt, or even to deny himself and his family education and a score of comforts, for the lack of a few hundreds of dollars more of salary? As the American community regards that English sinner with lofty pity and contempt, what if the voice of truth should be crying at the same moment, Thou art the village.—[Harpers.

The man who can's it a skillet full of potatoes without scattering part of them over the stove is greater than he who taketh a city or he who distilleth crooked whisky without being caught at it.

Aunt Nancy's Way.

Mrs. White came into the store the other day, and Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Gillis and myself were already there. The merchant and both clerks had gone to dinner, and left the store in charge of Sile Landis, and he was getting some syrup down cellar for somebody's little girl. All we could do was to wait, and, woman-like, we improved the time.

"Soon be the season for house-cleaning," said Mrs. Wells, with her chin in her palm.

"Oh, the very thought of it makes my limbs ache already," said Mrs. White. "Such togging and lifting, and whitewashing and dust, and moving of stoves, and putting down carpets, and handling of heavy furniture; it's just awful to think about! Seems as if I hardly get over one house cleaning spell until another comes on."

She said it so dolefully that I looked over at her, and really, I wanted to laugh: An uglier phiz I never saw. Her face was stretched out as long as a horse's and her eye-brows were arched, and the corners of her mouth drawn down.

"But then, I s'pose," she continued, "that our lives are all made of ups and downs, and maybe it's all that women are good for; just to toil and turmoil in this vale of tears."

I couldn't help slyly pinching Aunt Nancy—she that is Mrs. Gillis—for we couldn't have a mite of faith in any such lingo as that. A likely story, indeed, that women are to toil, and slave, and groan, and take this beautiful life, full of precious opportunities, as they would take a burden and a load upon their shoulders.

"I have the heft o' my house-cleaning done now," said Aunt Nancy, calmly. "I don't make much fuss, and somehow by doing a little now an' then, when the time comes round it is only agreeable to finish up. The weather was so fine along in the first o' March, that I told the girls that whenever a nice day came that they hadn't much to do, they better put in the time emptying the chests and bureaus, and sorting the contents, and getting things put in shape. They did so, and after that job was done, they cleared out the fruit closet, and washed everything, and made it fresh and new. Then the other closets were looked after, rags were sorted, the shelves of papers were overhauled, and the choice monthlies and weeklies newly filed. Then the closets and all these finished jobs were closed, and will not require looking after when the other house-cleaning comes on. The next fine day the pantry will be cleared of its contents, and made as good as new. Things will accumulate somehow, no matter how careful we are; bottles, and cans, and boxes, and papers, and cracked dishes, and some things will come creeping in, in spite of a housewife's watchfulness and care. One thing I mean to do that I never did before," said Aunt Nancy, "that is, I won't take down the stoves. I'll have three up in the house, anyhow. One in a cosy room up-stairs, one in the family sitting-room, and one in the kitchen. Cold days come even in midsummer; cold, wet, raw, dreary days when one would hug a warm stove for the very love of it."

"You're sensible, auntie," said I, "and I mean to do the very same thing. One of my girls chilled on the first day of August, last summer—that cold, rainy, cheerless Sunday—and was not able to be about for six weeks, was given up by the physician, and I am very sure it all came about because we had no stove in our sitting-room. People care too much for the looks of things, and I guess half of us take our stoves down in the spring just because the other half have made it customary. I've had visitors go shivering about with shawls on half the day, occasionally slinking into the warm kitchen like thieving cats, but I will never so far yield to custom hereafter. It is inhuman the way women manage affairs when the time of general house-cleaning comes round. The poor men go honking around like wild geese doubled over, chilled and blue, and shivering with a cold that settled on the lungs. Babies take cold, too, and go whipering about with wet noses, while the poor nursing mothers reap the reward in chills and fever, and gathered breasts. Indeed it is very sad to contemplate; such folly and such sore recompense, and dearly bought experience which is too often unheeded.

An Old Time Judge.

Rebecca Harding Davis, in an extended sketch of Old Philadelphia, in the May number of Harpers', says:

"Perhaps no man attracted as much homage from the crowd as Judge Thos. McKean, then delegate to congress and afterward chief-justice. He was one of the first of that old stock of Pennsylvanians, of which one or two aged specimens yet remain, of abnormal size and strength of both mind and body. Judge McKean was over six feet, erect, even in old age, as a pine tree, and noted for the exceptional stateliness of his carriage. He always wore an immense cocked hat and a scarlet gown upon the bench, and, when he became chief-justice, surrounded himself with all the state and solemn pomp which belong to the judiciary of England. The sheriff, tip-staves, etc., says David Paul Brown, swelled the retinue of Judge McKean as he passed in procession through the streets to open court. Thomas M'Kean is acknowledged to have been an able lawyer and a patriot of inflexible integrity, but it was hinted by jealous patriots that his stately and grim reserve was assumed to hide his lack of early good breeding. He fought for the declaration, signed it, and suffered for the signing with his usual indomitable firmness, being in 1777 hunted like a fox through the State, compelled to remove his family five times, and hide them at last in a little log cabin in the wilderness. Many anecdotes remain of the great jurist, both as Chief-Justice and Governor, which forcibly illustrate the change of manners since then. One day, when a mob had assembled outside of the Supreme Court, he sent for the sheriff and commanded him to suppress the riot.

"I cannot do it," replied the trembling official.

"Why do you not summon your posse?" thundered the scowling Chief-Justice.

"I have summoned them, but they are ineffectual."

"Then, sir, why do you not summon me?"

The sheriff, stunned for a moment, gasped out, "I do summon you, sir."

Whereupon the gigantic Chief-Justice, scarlet gown, cocked hat, and all, swooped down on the mob like an eagle on a flock of sheep, and catching two of the ring leaders by the throat, quelled the riot.

Another story is of an effort made by the Philadelphians, when he was Governor, to prevent his nomination of Tilghman as Chief-Justice. A committee was sent of Duane, Leiper and others, who announced themselves as representing the sovereign people, the great Democracy of Philadelphia, and declaring that they could never approve this nomination. The Governor listened with his usual haughty courtesy, and bowing profoundly, replied:

"Inform your constituents that I bow with submission to the great Democracy of Philadelphia; but, by ——! William Tilghman shall be Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania."

And he was.

M'Kean's daughter, a woman of great beauty, married the Marquis de Yroja, a Spanish grandee of bluest blood, but whose pride of bearing, we are told, never equalled that of his plebian father-in-law.

TEACH CHILDREN TO SPEAK THE TRUTH.—Children should be taught to speak the truth, to hate a lie, and to be honest. It is unsafe to leave any class of children untaught. It is not for the interest and welfare of the community to do so. It is from the ignorant and the vicious that the pauper and criminal element chiefly comes. That is the burden which others are chiefly taxed to support. It is chiefly from those who have no healthful home training, no church, no family altar, and no Sabbath-school. There are many who get no correct notions of right and wrong, save what they get at school. At home and on the street they learn to lie, to steal, to fight, to get drunk, to use vile language. There by precept and example, they get a knowledge of evil. It is more the duty of society to provide for the right education and proper training of all the children than it is to support the paupers and take care of the criminals. Prevention is better than cure.

STEWART'S MEANNESS.—This is what the Philadelphia *Day* says: A volume could be filled with records of his meanness—his grasping, godless selfishness and not all his professed desires and designs to benefit the poor, in his latter days, can atone for a tithe of the human suffering his selfish rapacity has caused. Those may eulogize him who choose. We will not. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a very good rule in the main, and we usually follow it; but death cannot sanctify the life-long meanness and cruelty of men like A. T. Stewart, and no duty, human or divine, requires us to lie over his or any other mean man's dead body. It would have been better for the human family if Stewart had died half a century sooner. His immense wealth is a magnificient monument of his monstrous meanness, as well as for his sagacity, energy and ability as a trader. His mental capacity as a merchant was equalled only by his moral meanness as a man.

THE Detroit *Press* thinks Dean Stanley was not equal to his opportunities in conducting the marriage ceremonies of Prof. Tyndall. The Dean might have asked the bride if she would take that anthrophold to be her co-ordinate, to love with her nerve-centers and to cherish with her whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance should resolve his organism to its primitive atoms. But he didn't.

"Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'iron horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why, the engin-eer, of course."

"The Meanest Woman."

The *Christian Observer* describes as follows what it calls the "meanest woman in New York:' She lives in a fashionable quarter of the town. In the name of charity she gave out some dressmaking to the inmates of one of the institutions for reforming and saving women supposed to be lost. When the work was done, and well done, the fashionable and charitable lady was not ready to pay the bill, which amounted to $12. The same work, if it had been done at a fashionable dressmaker's, would have cost $25, perhaps $50. She had no complaint to make about the work done, but haggled about the price, and as she gave the work in charity, she thought, probably, that the charity should be extended to her and not the poor sewing women.

One month passed away, and another, and six more, while this wealthy and charitable woman, with one excuse and another, put off paying the poor girl. She could not get her hard earned money, and finally, in despair, had recourse to the law, by the aid of the workingwomen's agency, and the prospect of exposure, in the character of a fraud, brought the lady to terms, and she paid the full amount.

When a pious woman of fashion, a leader perhaps in the benevolent operations of the church, first directress of this society, and manageress of that, and treasurer of another; who thinks nothing of paying $500 for a dress of one evening's wear, and, to be very charitable, employs a poor fallen woman, struggling with poverty and honesty, and then neglects to pay her wages, she deserves to be labeled as among the meanest of her sex.

ABOUT CARPETS.—If the corner of a carpet gets loose and prevents the door opening, or trips every one up that enters the room, nail it down at once. A dog's-eared carpet marks the sloven as well as the dog's-eared book. An English gentleman traveling some years ago, took a hammer and tacks with him because he found dog's-eared carpets at all the inns where he stopped. At one of these inns he tacked down the carpet which, as usual, was loose about the door, and soon afterward called for his dinner. While the carpet was loose the door could not be opened without a hard push; so when the waiter came up he just unlatched the door, and then going back a couple of yards he rushed against it, as his habit was, with a sudden spring to force it open. But the wrinkles of the carpet were no longer there to stop it, and not meeting with the expected resistance the unfortunate waiter fell sprawling into the room. It had never entered his head that so much trouble might be saved by means of a hammer and a half a dozen tacks until his fall taught him that make shift is a very unprofitable kind of shift. There are a good many houses in the United States where a similar practical lesson might be of service. Beat a carpet on the wrong side first, and then more gently on the other side. Be careful not to use sticks with sharp points, as they are liable to tear the carpet.

A COUNTRY fellow who lisped having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days. Said he, "I have juth been purchasthin thome thwine—two thowth and pigth. I want to put them in your pen till I can get a place for them."

"Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the neighbor; "why, my pen will hardly hold a dozen."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Bent; I don't thay two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and pigth."

"I hear you," said Mr. Bent. "Two thousand pigs. Why, you must be crazy."

"I tell you again," exclaimed the man, angrily, "I mean not two thouthand pigs, but two thowth and two pigth."

"Oh, that is what you mean, eh? Well, the pen is at your service."

That is a beautiful Russian proverb: "Behind the orphan God himself bears the purse." Here is another of a somewhat different character: "In the other world usurers have to count red-hot coins with bare hands."

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WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, NOV. 21, 1875, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

FAST LINE leaves New York		9 25 a. m
" " "	Philadelphia	12. 55 p. m
" " "	Baltimore	3. 20 p. m
" " "	Harrisb'g	5.00 p. m
" " arr. at	Williamsp't	8.55 p. m
" " "	Lock Haven	10.20 p. m
" " "	Bellefonte	11.50 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves New York		8.25 p. m
" " "	Philadelphia	11.55 p. m
" " "	Baltimore	2.00 p. m
" " "	Harrisburg	6.25 a. m
" " "	Williamsport	8.55 a. m
" " "	Lock Haven	9.45 a. m
" " "	Renovo	11.05 a. m
" " arr. at	Erie	7.50 p. m
LIMITED MAIL leaves	Philada	7.25 a. m
" " "	Baltimore	9.50 a. m
" " "	Harrisb'g	12.45 a. m
" " arr. at	Williamsp't	2.20 p. m
" " "	Lock Haven	5.50 p. m
" " "	Renovo	4.45 p. m
LOCK HAVEN ACCOM. leaves	Phila	8.00 a. m
" " "	Baltimore	8.30 a. m
" " "	Harrisburg	1.25 p. m
" " arr. at	Williamsport	6.10 p. m
" " "	Lock Haven	7.30 p. m

EASTWARD.

PHILA. EXPRESS leaves	Lock Haven	6.40 a. m
" " "	Williamsp't	7.55 a. m
" " arr. at	Harrisb'g	11.35 a. m
" " "	Baltimore	6.15 p. m
" " "	Philadelphia	4.00 p. m
" " "	New York	7.25 p. m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Bellefonte	8.10 a. m
" " "	Renovo	2.10 a. m
" " "	Lock Haven	10.25 a m
" " "	Williamsport	11.35 a m
" " arr. at	Harrisburg	3.00 p m
" " "	Philadelphia	6.20 p
" " "	New York	9.15 p. m
" " "	Baltimore	6.55 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	11. 20 a. m
" " "	Bellefonte	8.22 p. m
" " "	Renovo	8.25 p. m
" " "	Lock Haven	9.45 p. m
" " arr. at	Harrisburg	2.30 a. m
" " "	Baltimore	7.35 a. m
" " "	Philadelphia	7.35 a m
" " "	New York	10.25 a. m

The Bald Eagle Valley Express leaves Bellefonte at 8.22 p. m. and connects with Erie Mail at Lock Haven at 9.45 p. m.

Erie Mail west, Limited Mail West, Lock Haven Accom. West and Day Express east make close connection at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail west, Limited Mail west and Fast Line west make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail east and west, Limited Mail west, Fast Line west and Day Express east make close connection at Lock Haven with B. & E. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail east and west connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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A. O. FURST, Attorney-at-Law, office on High Street, corner of Diamond, second door from First National Bank. 6-1-tf

. BLANCHARD. . . . . E. M. BLANCHARD

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Rebel Prison Pens.

MR. EDITOR—With the hope that yourself and readers will pardon my unavoidable delay, I will now continue the story of my experience in rebel prisons.

The morning after our arrival in Libby, the first thing in order was to take a survey of the quarters furnished us. We found ours to be a room about 60 feet long by 40 feet wide, with three large posts on a line through the centre to support the floor above. About midway along the wall of one side of the room was a hydrant and trough, at which we could secure plenty of water for drinking and sanitary purposes. At one end of the room was a water-closet about four by eight feet square, separated from the main room by an open partition. Light was admitted to the room through two windows front and two back. Such was the room in which two hundred and forty men were quartered. Though seemingly very unpleasant quarters at the time they, however, proved to be the best we were permitted to occupy during our sojourn in "Dixie."

About 10 A. M. we received our food consisting of one-fourth of a pound of bread and a half pint of bean soup. The bread, although very inferior when compared with that "Uncle Sam" had given us, yet to us hungry mortals tasted pretty good. There was probably one tablespoonful of beans in each half pint of soup issued, and it tasted as though no salt or seasoning of any kind had been used in its preparation. During our one week's stay in Libby the above was our daily fare.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the second day, the previously mentioned little man of great importance, accompanied by several others, entered the room and issued a proclamation setting forth the uncertainties of human life, and the depravity of human nature manifested by the disposition of man to take that which belongs to another, and knowing that many of us were possessed of greenbacks, which during our confinement would be of no service to us, they had come prepared to receive all our valuables in the shape of watches and money. They had with them a large book in which they would take a register of each one from whom they received anything, setting forth the name of the person, the name of company, with name and number of regiment to which they belonged; also stating the nature and amount of valuables received—yea, even more, in addition to all the above services they would take the name of the relatives, with post-office address so that in case the contributor should die and not receive his gifts again, that they could forward them to his friends. They further stated that all who refused to voluntarily surrender their valuables would be subjected to a search, and that all valuables found on or about their persons would be confiscated.

A few of the boys were moved by the proffered kindness to entrust their money to their keeping, but the large majority of them concluded to risk losing it on a search, rather than a certainty of loss by giving it to them, so after receiving all the voluntary contributions they called in a guard to keep separate the searched and the unsearched, and then began that peculiar discipline which I think the Union forces entirely neglected, namely, robbing the prisoners, which the rebels did for us in the following manner: All the prisoners were placed on one side of the room. In a row along the wall on the other side they would place, about three feet apart, fifteen or twenty men who were required to divest themselves of every article of clothing except their shirt—or undershirt, if they had two on. Their clothing was then carefully examined by the rebels, and every rent was carefully looked into lest some greenbacks might be stowed therein. If the sole of the boot or shoe was partly worn they would examine between the soles. If the lining of the hat or cap was partly torn out they would tear it entirely out, rather than miss a dollar note that may have been put in there for safety. If there was any tobacco in the bowl of their pipes, it must needs be taken out, for frequently there was money at the bottom of it. Did a man have a quid of tobacco in his mouth he must spit it forth for examination, for the Yanks were like the fishes in the days of our Saviour—often found with money in their mouths. Did the man keep his hand closed he must open it, for frequently greenbacks were found fastened to the palms of his hands, and thus the rigor of the search increased as it progressed, so that by the time the last few reliefs were searched you may safely conclude they had but few valuables left when through the process.

You will remember Hill & Co. said we were permitted to purchase of the prison sutler whatever he had that we might want, but had you seen the search you would be surprised to learn that enough had escaped their vigilance to purchase a petticoat for J. Davis, Esq. Of those who voluntarily surrendered their valuables I have yet to hear of any who have had the same returned to them, while of those who risked the search quite a number succeeded in smuggling through their watches and money, for which they afterward realized good prices by trading with the guards.

Nothing further of note occurred while we were in Richmond, except the sending away to be paroled those who were wounded and those who were sick—and there was six or eight taken out of our room for that purpose.

About dusk on the evening of the seventh day we were taken out of Libby prison, marched across the James river to Manchester, a small town opposite Richmond, where, with others to the number of six hundred, we were loaded in box cars and started on our way to—we knew not where. That was a terrible ride that night. There were so many in the car that you could neither stand or sit down without treading on others or being tread upon yourself. The doors of the car being locked the air soon became terrible for a human being to inhale, and yet we were confined in that car until after daylight next morning, when the doors were opened and we were again for a few minutes permitted to breathe God's pure air at Danville, Va. We were taken from the cars and marched to near the centre of the town, and placed in the second and third stories of a large tobacco warehouse, three hundred men on each floor. The building was built of brick, was about forty feet wide by eighty feet long. The sash and glass were all out of the windows, which were closed by nailing boards across the inside, leaving spaces of about an inch between the boards through which was admitted all the light and fresh air which we received while in the building.

Adjoining the rear end of the building was a yard about forty feet square, surrounded by a tight board fence about twelve feet high, with posts and rails on the outside. In one corner of the yard was the cess-pool, a vault about six feet wide, twelve feet long and ten feet deep. Not more than twelve feet from the cess-pool was the well, which was about twenty-five feet deep, from which was drawn the "pure running water," which Mr. Hill says we had to drink. We candidly believe, however, that Mr. Hill would have preferred Champagne with his food. There were a number of guards stationed around the outside of the building, one at the foot of the stairs inside, and one at the door leading to the yard. At night there were two guards on each of the latter posts. The regulations of the prison allowed during the day only twelve, and at night six out of the six hundred to have access to the yard at one time, or even to be down stairs at all. As one passed up another could go down.

Our food in Danville consisted of one half of a loaf of corn bread, and about a half pint of bean soup, similar to that received in Libby prison, without any seasoning whatever, and frequently the beans were only half-cooked.

The loaves of bread were about the size of an ordinary brick, were made of unbolted meal, and frequently of meal that had been ground, cob and all. Pieces of cob as large as a grain of corn, and husk an inch long, were frequently found in the bread. There never was a particle of salt put in our food. From the appearance of the bread you would conclude that it was simply corn meal and water mixed to a certain consistency, and placed in an oven and an attempt made at baking it, which frequently proved a complete failure; for very often when brought to us there would be a crust one-fourth of an inch thick, baked almost to a burn, while the centre of the loaf would resemble the corn dough you see fed to chickens, and would be scarcely warmed through.

Twice during our three weeks' stay in Danville did they give us meat. The first time we received about two ounces of pretty fair bacon. The second time the same quantity of pork that was so rancid that it was fairly green, and although we were almost famished for meat, yet we could not eat that.

In my next I will give you an account of the first instance of brutality which came under my personal notice.

MT. EAGLE, May 1st, 1876.

EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:

I was taught, when a boy going to school, of a "good time a coming, boys," that the pen would supercede the sword. There is so many soldiers writing that I came to the conclusion that it was here, and it is time for me to try my hand. I would not say anything that would throw the least shadow of disrespect on your correspondent from Milesburg, Philipsburg, or any other Burg; and, if I should, I claim it as an error of the pencil and not of the heart. There has been so much said of the horrors of the prison pens. I would venture to say that there is, generally, two sides to the question. To write on the dark side all the time it becomes disgusting.

I think General Beaver struck the key-note to the soldier's heart, about a year ago, in Williamsport, when he said: "I have given one of my limbs to my country. I know not what use is being made of it; perhaps it is adding vigor to some beautiful flower, or perhaps furnishing seed for the sower, or bread for the eater—I know not which. But I would willingly give my other limb, yes, my whole body to-day if it would restore that feeling of affection that once existed." I enlisted when the cry was "On to Richmond," but I never got to see that beautiful city. General Sherman tried to take us there, but stopped short. Then Pleasanton, under Joe Hooker, tried it; but he, too, shot under the mark. Then Killpatrick, or "Kill Country," as he was called, rode around Richmond Sheridan's grand raid now comes in He, too, was to the outskirts of the great city, but had to about face. I was taken prisoner, and was used well; had plenty to eat, &c.

They fought us long and hard. We whipped, and we done it well. They have laid down their arms, and they are our brothers. Now let us offer them the hand of friendship, and try to forget the hardships of the past—try to heal the great wound that the war has made. I have found that there is many a kind heart beats under a grey or blue jacket. We had many a jolly time there. We had some after we came home. We met in Bellefonte on the 4th of July. Then a few years after we met there again, when the Reserve Corps held their re-union. We again met in Milesburg, then Williamsport, then Boalsburg.

We should not forget the kindness of the soldiers' friends in providing for and making them comfortable, and the good dinner that was always ready for us. When I think of the many kindnesses shown to the soldiers my eyes fill with tears of gratitude, and I am bewildered. Let us not forget the grand show of fire-works. They were indeed beautiful; but soldiers, as a general thing, have seen fire-works. We saw one grand line of fire-works from the Rapahannock to the James river. We must not forget the admonition given us by the "old man Garner." He said he did not know that this Centennial year would be the Millennium, when the lion and the lamb would lie down together; but he did hope the blue and the gray would shake hands again.

We would remind you of the hearty invitation given us by the members of the old Reserve to meet in Philadelphia with them. John W. Forney says, Come to beautiful, true Philadelphia. Trimbe Strong was then introduced. He also invited us to come. Col. Mann, Mendenhall and others at Millheim and the Fort said come, come. Now the question is with me, are we going? How are we going? It is an undeniable fact that we soldiers who were in the ranks were nearly all poor men. We can hardly spare the means to go. But we have some kind friends to boast of, too. Let us get them to put their heads together and do their level best to get us free transportation. Then we can have one more grand re-union. I think there is nothing that would do me more good than to shake hands with those who shared the pleasures of camp life—who sang their songs on the march—who gave me a hard tack when my face was black with smoke and dust.

Will we go or not? Let us hear from some of you. W. T. L.

A Local wit undertook to fool a doctor, one dusky evening, into the belief that a plug of twist tobacco, that he pointed at the doctor's, head, was a pistol. He succeeded admirably, and was shot dead before he could explain that it was all a joke.

OUR ASSOCIATED PRESS LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1876.

THEN AND NOW.

They who visit the Centennial Exhibition will see for themselves what our city now is. What it was one hundred years ago cannot be fully comprehended by the livest imagination. One hundred years ago the central avenue of our city was called High street, since changed to Market street. The erection of eight or ten squares of market houses, directly in the center of the open street, was the cause of the change, the appropriateness of which none questioned. Now, that all those market houses have been removed, another change of name will be very proper; either of these three names would be more appropriate than Market street: "Pennsylvania Avenue," "Lincoln Avenue" or "Central Avenue."

The streets of the city of Philadelphia running parallel with Market street and north of it were named Mulberry, Sassafras and Vine streets. Those south of it were Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, Pine and Cedar, and these eight squares, or blocks, comprised the northern and southern limits of our city one hundred years ago; now 30 streets are laid out and built up north of Market street, and almost an equal number south of it, the most of which are lined with substantial brick edifices from the Deleware to the Schuylkill.

Mulberry street was long ago changed to Arch street, and I doubt if Sassafras street, although so labeled upon the street corners, was ever called anything else than Race street. This name was given to it because of the horse races constantly taking place on the street. For many years the racing was on a straigh line, from below Fourth street out to Broad, and as early as 1726, the grand jury in their presentment, held "that since the city has become so very populous the usual custom of horse racing at fairs in Sassafras street is very dangerous to life; also, it is an evil that they who erect the booths, etc., in the street, at the fairs, do sell all sorts of liquors, etc."

The racing appears to have been kept up until the commencement of the revolutionary war. All genteel horses in those days were pacers; a trotting horse was deemed a base breed," says T. Matlack to the author of Watson's Annals.

Cock fighting was exceedingly popular with all classes; rich and poor, grave and gay, all joined in the sport, and such a person as Dr. Wm. Shippen, one of the most eminent of Philadelphia's first families, was in the habit of taking his best fighting cock under his arm, would walk out to his friend, D. Gardiner, and these two estimable gentlemen—respected in public and private life and honored in church circles—would enjoy an hour or two in witnessing the combat between their game chickens.

Bull dogs, for the purpose of bull-baiting, were bred by the most fashionable of our gentry during the period preceeding the first war.

This amusement was brought to a sudden close by Squire Wharton, who went to witness the sport, seemingly, as a friendly observer. When all was prepared and bull and dogs were about to be let loose for the enjoyment of the young bloods and butchers—the baiting was mostly maintained by the latter—the spunky Squire stepped suddenly into the ring, and said he would, at the risk of his life, seize and commit the first man who should begin; then advancing to the bull, he unloosed him from the stake, at the same time declaring he would never desist from bringing to condign punishment future abetters of such exercises. That stopped the game forever after.

The early Quaker boys of our goodly Quaker city were about as mischievous as other boys, elsewhere. On one occasion some of the boys at the Quaker school, in Fourth street, went into the second story of the building, and, boring a hole through the board floor, they lowered a pin-hook attached to a cord, and when the teacher, Robert Proud, took his afternoon doze, the book was fastened to his bushy wig, and when he awakened and leaned forward his wig swung from off his head and was raised rapidly toward the ceiling by a boy drawing the cord. Of course teacher Proud, after he recovered from his astonishment, went up stairs for that boy, but as the boy had taken the precaution to throw the cord from the second story window to the yard, where from the window directly in the rear of the teacher he could see all that was going on, the lad also had the good sense to enter the school room and take his accustomed seat just as friend Proud mounted the upper story.

It was with difficulty those staid young Quaker boys and girls could maintain their usual sobriety as their teacher entered the school room and looked at his big red wig suspended by a cord above his reach.

THE CENTENNIAL.

The work of royal hands will be quite largely exhibited at our great Exposition. A number of samples of embroidery executed by the "Royal School of Art of Needlework," under the auspices of Queen Victoria, Princess Christian and other distinguished ladies of England, has now reached here. A description will doubtless interest the lady readers of your paper.

One of them is an exquisite design in the simple, severe classic style, intended for the end of a room. The wall hangings are worked in arabasques of green and gold, and the portiere curtains, valance, frieze and pilasters upon white cotton stuff. The hangings covering the door itself are embroidered on either side of the door with two female figures holding aloft scrolls upon which are the words "Salve" and "Vale," "Welcome" and "Farewell," to the coming and parting guests. On the valance of the door are three fates—Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos—busy with the thread of life. The frieze is embroidered with a most beautiful and graceful pattern, and over it are worked the words, "Ars longa, vita brevis"—Art is long, life short."

Another design is a mantel valance of soft, blueish green material, embroidered with pale primroses, the effect of the whole being particularly delicate. But, undoubtedly, the best of the productions, and, indeed, the gem of the entire exhibition, is a four panelled screen, upon which the needle has skillfully portrayed the fable of the jackdaws and the peacock. Art and taste can surely go no further than in the conception and execution of this design.

Mr. Morris, the eminent designer, is in great force with a dado, which displays his characteristics in a remarkable manner. It consists of golden grapes, on a ground of peculiar green, with peacocks at intervals; also, wall hangings in delicate and flowing arabesque, so cunningly blended and harmonized that at a distance the parts become united in one indefinable tint.

Mr. Pollen has a portiere of crimson velvet, very magnificently worked in gold and colors. This truly regal piece of work would be out of place in anything but a palace, so massively gorgeous is it.

Miss Gemmel has four velvet pannels, each embroidered with a boldly designed flower, the poppy and the foxglove being especially remarkable.

A quilt embroidered in gold from an ancient pattern in the possession of Countess Brownlow, is one of the most striking objects of the exhibition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Evening *Star*, of this city, is willing to take silver in pay for accounts, of long and questionable standing.

We are now in the very height of the season when passenger car travellers are regaled with the rich fragrance emitted by tender young onions, liberally scented with the early morning drink of "crooked whisky" and Connecticut Havana cigars.

A few days ago an expert pick-pocket was sent up to Cherry Hill Prison, until after the Centennial shall have come and gone. The young gentleman being in delicate health was allowed to exercise in the prison yard; on Monday, as the baker's wagon was about leaving the premises, the delicate youth fastened himself to the bottom of the body of the bread wagon with a clutch remarkably vigorous in a sickly man, and without the consent of the Warden, was ridden to freedom. That same afternoon while the young man was promenading Chestnut street, in the most fashionable attire, he saw an elegantly dressed lady with a stout pocket-book temptingly protruding from her "hip pocket," and the fellow being in want of funds to attend the opening of the Exhibition on May 10, dexterously removed that well filled purse. A policeman saw him, and now he has five years more added to his first sentence, and is extremely desirous that another baker will give him another free ride.

J. W. F.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Couching Mania—Silver Versus Shinplasters—Barney Williams—Commodore Vanderbilt—Matters at Philadelphia—The Exhibitors Snarl—The Race of Nations—Cost of the Show.

[*From Our Own Correspondent.*]

NEW YORK, May 8, 1876.

EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:

The latest mania among our young "bloods" and turfmen, and one which seems likely to be the ruling one in their intervals of Centennial-seeing this summer, is the revival of the old-fashioned English coaching system, which with the post chaises formed the main traveling facilities before the introduction of railways. There seems always to have been a peculiar fascination to some people in the exhilaration of driving or riding on the top of these bulky conveyances, and if we may credit those inimitable descriptions of Dickens, a vast deal of dignity attached to the magnate who professionally held the "ribbons." In spite of steam the stage coach has never become quite extinct in England, but to-day the pursuit of coaching among the aristocracy amounts to passion. In summer many a titled driver runs his daily route out of London, and no more thinks of missing a trip on account of weather, or losing a fare that can be obtained by any of the approved methods, than if his sole support was derived from his occupation. Well, as I have said, the rage has spread to our own shores, and we are now the delighted passengers of a "Coaching Club," organized and membered from the very "upperest crust" of society. The first meeting of the season was on Saturday, when six new coaches participated in the drive and a really elegant display rewarded the thousands who lined the streets to see the fun.

The paying out of silver in exchange for fractional "shinplasters" has been going on for some ten days over the counter of the Sub Treasury, but it comes slowly into sight. $200,000 has already been thus put into the hands of the people, and it is intended by the Government to get $100,000,000 of it in circulation as rapidly as possible. But the novelty is as yet too great. It's some sixteen years since we have been able to jingle the dimes and quarters in our pockets without going to the trouble of buying them at a big premium of some broker or other bloated aristocrat; so now that we can hear the exhilarating tinkle at small expense, we have got to feast our eyes and ears for a while, before trusting the coins out of our hands. It's as good as a play to see a crowd of little street Arabs, most of whom were, so to speak, born into a paper currency (or rather the lack of it), get their heads together over a dime. The little shiner arouses no tender recollections in them. Silver had hid its head before their troubles began; but the looks of eager curiosity or pleased surprise as the centre of attraction passes cautiously from one little grimy hand to another, together with the various quaint and original comments which are freely made, are extremely amusing.

The death of the veteran Irish actor, Barney Williams, has developed the fact that, besides his rare professional accomplishments, he was a cultivated and unusually exemplary man and citizen. The notice of his decease has called forth numerous and warm eulogies upon his character and career through the columns of the press. He was one of the most wealthy of contemporary actors, his real estate in this city alone being valued at upward of $80,000.

Vigorous as are all the attempts on the part of those interested to suppress the fact, it cannot be concealed that Commodore Vanderbilt cannot survive much longer. Extreme age and a complication of diseases have so far reduced his strength that even in walking about his room he requires the assistance of some supporting arm. Still it is astonishing to see what a tenacious grasp of life and of his immense interests an iron will gives him, and it may possibly be

some months ere he succumbs to the fed destroyer.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29.

And yet there is none of the lull that precedes the storm. Everything shows, if possible, increased bustle and energy. A blockade of cars, loaded with exhibits, threatened serious results to the Exhibition, which, however, have been averted by the prompt action of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., who, seeing what a snarl things were getting into owing to a lack of terminal facilities, tendered to the authorities their own trained force, who straightened things out in short order so far as the cars were concerned, but that hasn't solved the problem. So enormous are the accumulations of unplaced goods, that all these tardy exhibitors tumble over each other in their work and hinder each other badly. All work with a will, however, and in time everthing will be in readiness.

Several nations have apparently entered the lists with the intention of making the most striking display of the year, but the awarding of the palm would be a difficult matter till it is fairly opened. So far, it seems to lie between Egypt, Holland, Brazil, and the United States, with Spain and China not far in the rear.

Much doubt has existed as to whether it would be possible to get the Memorial Hall and the arrangement of its art collection completed by the appointed time, but I have the authority of both architect Schwarzmann and chief Sartain for stating that misgivings on either of these points are entirely needless.

The Turkish coffee house, erected and to be conducted under the auspices of the commission of that country, is nearly completed. The business of dealing out the stimulant here will be carried on by two genuine natives of Constantinople. Customers can sip and smoke sitting cross legged on divans, and will be waited upon by polite Mussulmans in full native costume. The structure cost about $5,000, and is being put up by American carpenters.

An important and probably protracted, meeting of United States Centennial Commission is now in session, forty-one States and Territories being represented by the members present. Much dissatisfaction is expressed at the manner in which the Executive Committee have been running things, without referring any of the important matters for the action of the whole commission. They will probably now take things into their own hands to a great extent, and may reverse the decisions of the committee on some points—notably, the question of opening or closing the Exhibition on Sunday. The committee say no, but as Sunday is the only day on which many working people could visit the grounds, it is altogether likely that the final answer will be yes.

Though the figures may not be new to you, I will state here that the total cost and expense of the Centennial is placed at $8,500.000, of which $7,000,000 is already provided for by the various appropriations and subscriptions, leaving $1,500,000 to be made up. There is little doubt that the gate receipts will more than cover the amount.

RADIX.

READING NOTICES.

——If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes water or weak, feel dull and stupid or debilitated, pain or pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured that you have the catarrh. Thousands annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive or less understood by the physicians. R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the propietor of Dr. Sage's catarrh remedy—a perfect specific for catarrh, cold in the head, or catarrhal headache.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—You are asked every day through the columns of newspapers and by your druggist to use something for dyspepsia and liver complaint that you know nothing about. You get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now, to give you satisfactory proof that Green's August Flower will cure you of dyspepsia and liver complaint, with all its effects, such as sour stomach, sick headache, habitual costiveness, palpitation of the heart, heart-burn, water-brash, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, etc., we ask you to go to your druggist and get a sample bottle of Green's August Flower for ten cents, or a regular size for seventy-five cents, and two doses will relieve you. eow.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 16.

GENTLEMEN:—It is with feeling of gratitude that I place before you a simple statement of my sufferings and cure from the use of peruvian syrup. I am forty years of age, and my occupation is that of a map engraver. About fifteen years ago I was attacked with what I suppose was a disease of the spine. I could not walk erect, owing to a great weakness which I experienced at the small of my back. My digestion became impaired, and by degrees my whole system became deranged. I suffered in this way for seven years, and then placed myself in the hands of eminent physicians. They treated me with mercury and many other strong remedies, but I grew worse instead of better.

In the spring of 1857, there appeared upon my back and side two large abscesses, and at this time I was also suffering from a very bad fistula; my whole system being utterly prostrated, when I was advised to try the peruvian syrup. I commenced using it, and at once experienced great relief. I have taken three bottles of it, and every trace of my former complaints have left me. My system has regained its strength, my appetite has returned, and I feel myself completely renewed in age and vigor. In a word, my health is now perfect, and I can truly say that I was never able to do more work, and with greater ease to myself, than at the present time.

Yours respectfully,
JAMES P. COX.

"No man was better inoculated to prejudge pork than my husband was," says Mrs. Partington; "he knew what good hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."

Additional Locals.

LECTURE.—On Thursday evening, May 18th, Miss Fannie E. Hamlin, of Lock Haven, Pa., will lecture at Millesburg. This lady has a number of lectures which she has delivered in various places, with the most flattering success, and to large and intelligent audiences. The comments of the press, wherever she has delivered one, are in praise of their originality, beauty and chaste style. She is a ready and brilliant writer, and, while her delivery is very pleasing and easy, she cannot fail to entertain and instruct all who may have an opportunity to hear her. During the session of the Central Penna. Conference, she delivered a lecture in Representative Hall, at Harrisburg, Pa., which was attended by a large number of distinguished and learned persons, and the general impression was that she compared very favorably with Anna Dickinson.

——The choir of the A. M. E. church will give a concert at Howard, on Friday evening, May 19th, for the benefit of the Methodist church, of that place. This will be an excellent treat for the people of Howard, and the concert should be well patronized, for, aside from the object being a good one, all who attend will be well pleased with the entertainment.

——There will be a railroad meeting at the Court House to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. A full attendance is desired, as interesting and important business will be presented. The committee appointed at the last meeting will make their report. Let there be a grand rally. On to Lemont, is the watchword.

——The State College Base Ball Club have reorganized for the season of 1876, and are ready to accept challenges. The Secretary's name is Charles J. Shee, to whom all communications should be addressed.

——Mr. C. H. Shuey, of Milesburg, was attacked with the heart disease last week, while walking on the street, and for several days his life was despaired of. He is now better and will soon be about again as well as ever.

——The Good Templar Lodge of Milesburg is now under full headway. They are going to get up a fourth of July celebration, and have invited the other organization of the town to co-operate with them.

——Rev. James P. Hughes, of this place, filled the Presbyterian pulpit, of Milesburg, last Sunday, Rev. Wright having gone to Clearfield.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE "MYSTERIOUS ISLAND."—We have just received VERNE'S last famous story, *"The Mysterious Island—Dropped from the Clouds."* It is an intensely interesting book, by the celebrated author of "20,000 Leagues Under the Seas!" "Tour of the World in 80 Days," etc., and gives the exciting adventures of five Union prisoners who, during our late great war, escaped from Richmond, Virginia, in a captured balloon! They were driven by a wild hurricane across the entire continent, and fell upon an uninhabited island in the Pacific ocean. Here they lived several years, unable to escape. Finally a vessel appeared, but proved to be a pirate ship, and instead of rescuing, endeavored to murder them. During the combat a mysterious agent destroyed their vessel! The castaways had frequent exciting adventures with wild animals, and also met with many very mysterious incidents that were apparently supernatural. Their ingenious contrivances to better their condition are highly interesting. In short, it is Verne's best book, and that is the highest possible commendation. The ordinary price of "Dropped From the Clouds" is $2 00, but the copy before us, *"The Lakeside Library"* edition, handsomely illustrated, is sent prepaid for only 12 cents. Also sold by all newsdealers. If you want a genuine treat, get it. Address Donnelley, Loyd & Co., publishers, Chicago, Ill.

THE NEEDS OF THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.—The great want of the year is compact, reliable and cheap information about the Centennial Exhibition and the great seaboard cities. This want is met by Hurd & Houghton, 13 Astor Place, New York, in their new series of "Riverside Centennial Guides." The press is unanimous in commendation, and although just issued, the sale is already large, and bids fair to be enormous. The books are prepared with great care, and sold at very low prices. The series consists of

Philadelphia and the Centennial. 79 pages.
New York and How to See It. 72 pages.
Washington and How to See It. 72 pages.

36 cents each in cloth; 15 cents each in paper.

Boston to Washington, including all the above, 250 pages, paper, 35 cents; cloth, with fine map of the United States, $1 00.

For sale by booksellers and newsdealers generally, or will be forwarded, post paid, by the publishers, as above, or by Sibole & Stellwagen, general agents, No. 727 Sansom St., Philadelphia, on receipt of price.

We have received from J. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, Mitchell's New Primary Geography; also Mitchell's New Intermediate Geography, for use in the schools. The matter is arranged by Dr. Wickersham, State Superintendent, and is most admirably done. We do not see how books of this kind could be more properly arranged for use in the public schools. They are beautifully illustrated, and every effort seems to have been made to beautify the work and at the same time give the pupil an idea of the subject matter of the lesson under consideration. No one can look the book through without gaining valuable information from the illustrations alone. Then the typographical work upon them is almost perfect. We would advise school directors throughout the county to examine them, which they can do by calling at our office.

We have received the April number of the "American Journal of the Medical Sciences," edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. It is a quarterly journal, published on the first of January, April, July, and October, and contains about 250 octavo pages, appropriately illustrated wherever necessary. It is a most valuable medical work, and should be in the hands of every physician and medical student in the land, and all others interested in any degree in the science of medicine. The subscription price is $5 00 a year. Address Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

New Advertisements.

AGENTS wanted for **THE CENTENNIAL BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY**, or the lives of the great men of our first 100 years. Send for circulars. P. W. ZEIGLER & CO., 519 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. 8-19-4t

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Legal.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Henry Pletcher, late of Howard township, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JACOB HOLTER,
Administrator.

Howard, Pa. 8-14-6t.

SUBPŒNA IN DIVORCE.

Maggie Richards, by her next friend, William F. Askey, vs George Richards. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county. No. 94. April T. 1876.

Subpœna in Divorce.

The undersigned, a commissioner appointed to take testimony in the above stated case and report the same to the Court, will attend to the duties of his appointment on **Monday, the 22d day of May, 1876, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.**, at his office in Bellefonte, when and where all parties interested may, if they see proper, attend.

D. S. KELLER,
Commissioner.

v8n18-3t

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, the undersigned, a Trustee appointed by said Court to take charge of the estate and property assigned by Ir. C. Johnson for the benefit of his creditors, will expose to public sale upon the premises, in the village of Jacksonville, Centre county, Pa., on

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1876,

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, viz:

1. A tract or lot of land fronting on Main street, and adjoining lands of Enos Etley and others, containing half an acre, more or less, thereon erected a double frame dwelling house, carriage and smith shops, stable and other outbuildings.

2. A lot of land adjoining lot of the Reformed church and lands of the estate of Jacob Hoy, deceased, containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less.

The sale of the mentioned lot will be subject to certain liens and charges which will be fully set forth at the time of sale.

TERMS OF SALE—One-half cash upon confirmation of sale, and the balance in six months thereafter, the deferred payment to bear interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. A reasonable deposit will be required when the property is knocked down.

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BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.
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STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
	A. M.	P. M.
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DANIEL RHOADS, Gen. Supt.

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A first-class suit for twelve to fifteen dollars.

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From 20 cents per yard and upward.
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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

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Agricultural.

How to Obtain a Good Orchard.

There should be more orchards planted out. It is a conceded fact that orcharding intelligently pursued is a profitable business. Throwing entirely aside the matter of profit, it is desirable for every one owning a farm, however small, to have an abundant supply of apples and other fruit. We are not growing so many apples as in former years. There have been many trees set recently, yet many of them are not coming up to the expectations of those who have expended time and money in planting them out. Far too many have brought only disappointment and discouragement.

There need be no failures in growing a good orchard. One may start in absolutely sure of success. There is no more liability of losing a good tree, or of having it fail to produce fruit, than there is of loss in animals and in other directions.

If one would be sure of this success, go to work this spring and plant seeds for a hundred trees, or for such a number as may be wanted. If seeds have not been saved for the purpose, they may be procured from seedsmen. Better still to go to the cider mill and get some pomace that has not fermented, and wash out what seeds are wanted. A few minutes will give one all he wants. As soon as the soil can be worked, plant in a strong, well drained, highland loam, made moderately rich. Sow in drills six inches broad, and two feet apart, scattering the seed thickly, after the manner of sowing fodder corn. Cover the seed with fine loam three-fourths of an inch deep. Keep the soil light, and absolutely free from weeds, and let the trees grow through the season. The next spring, when the trees are one year old, and as early as the soil can be worked, lift them all from the ground with a spade. Sit down deliberately and sort out the strong and healthy looking trees, and discard all others. A tree at this age has not cost much, so one need not be afraid to throw away all small and weak trees. Take those designed for replanting and shorten all the large roots, and cut off the branches if any have formed. Plant eighteen inches apart, in straight rows, three and a half feet distant, in land ploughed deep, well pulverized and well manured. Keep the ground clear from all weeds as long as the trees stand in it. Just here is where many have failed who have tried this method of starting an orchard. They begin well, but get careless and allow the grass and weeds to get possession of the land, and the final result is a lot of trees utterly worthless for any purpose whatever. They must be kept clean as a cabbage plant, and kept growing thriftily.

In pruning, a knowledge of the habits of growth of the trees is essential; and in order to grow stout, stocky, stiff trunked trees, it will be well to apply for instruction to some nurseryman, who can himself grow such trees. Such instructions will be better than any which can be given on paper. But bear in mind that this is an important matter, yet not difficult to learn.

Keep the trees growing thriftily in the nursery till they are five or six feet high, with branches well put out from the top of the tree. This will take four years with the most of them, though some of the free growers will attain this size in three years.

Select a good locality for the orchard, dig broad and deep holes, and carefully transplant the trees. Secure a thrifty growth by proper care and fertilization, and when the branches are large enough for cleft grafting, graft to such hardy varieties as are desired. Keep up the thrifty growth and the apples will soon appear.

Have you boys? Then interest them in the matter by giving it to their charge under your watchful eye. There is nothing about the farm which will interest them more than will fruit trees grown by their own care. If they are to try their hand at grafting, as they surely will be, assist them to splice graft some of the young trees in the nursery at two years old to the Red Astrachan or some other hardy, free growing and early bearing variety. No harm if they lose a tree—they are learning. When the trees attain a little more size, they can cleft graft a few at the collar. These things will serve to interest them in their nursery as they go along. It will be but a few years before they will be picking Red Astrachans and Hubbardstons from trees which their own care has reared.

There is no difficulty at all in getting a good orchard by pursuing the above course. There are no uncertainties about it. The trees will be hardy, healthy, thrifty, and when sufficiently large will bear fruit abundantly.

Plant Potatoes Early.

The experience of farmers everywhere proves that the best crops of potatoes are produced by planting early, or as soon as the land can be got in good condition. It is bad policy to plow land when wet; and when the season is cold and rainy, it is better to wait for good weather to put in any crop; but plant your potatoes as soon as you can safely. An excellent way to manage, so as to have but little work in cultivating the crop, is to plant either in hills or drills, and cover the seed with a plow, forming a ridge over each row; and when the potatoes have been in the ground from fifteen to twenty days they will have grown up several inches in the ground. Then take a harrow, turn it over with the teeth up, put upon it a large stone or two in front, lengthen your trace chains as much as you can, and go over the ground across the ridges, till the land is perfectly smooth. If some of the potato sprouts are uncovered, no harm will be done. The weeds will all be destroyed, and your potatoes will come up and grow rapidly, and generally will require no other cultivation, but with a horse-hoe or cultivator,—using a mould-board cultivator—or a plow, to turn up the earth a few inches high around the vines to finish the cultivation for the season.

Paragraphs for the Farmer.

A. E. Perkins, of Pomfret, Vermont, recently shipped a two-year-old Merino buck, 'Sweepstakes,' to Texas, for which he receives $115.

A hog at Madison, Indiana, bitten by a mad dog a few days ago, has become mad. It is securely penned up, and is an object of interest to citizens in the neighborhood.

The rice growing business upon Cape Fear, N. C., has become nearly extinct. Only ten thousand bushels were raised last year, against an annual product of 200,000 bushels before the war.

Thomas Meehan, of Philadelphia, has obtained 10,000 square feet of space on the horticultural grounds for the exhibition of over 750 different species of trees and shrubs.

Peter Magnes, of Petersburg, eight miles from Denver, has invented a machine for destroying grasshoppers which he thinks is just the thing. It is the result of Mr. Magnes' experience for several years, and he invites all interested to investigate its workings.

Reports from several counties in the southern part of the State mention a new and fatal disease among the hogs. We learn that it is causing death in large numbers. Hogs attacked with the disease die soon after, and no remedy has yet been found. We have heard no clear statement of the symptoms yet.—[Indiana Farmer.

Miss Hobart, a Massachusetts girl, who recently purchased twenty acres of land in Westminster, Cal., is putting in 10 acres of onions, and will soon sink an artesian well. Such is the force with which water is discharged from a well in that vicinity that rocks measuring three inches in diameter are frequently thrown out with great violence.

Mr. N. B. Douglass, of Palmyra, Mo., has three native cows from which he has made four hundred and twenty-five pounds of butter and five hundred pounds of cheese in eight months, commencing June 1, and ending Jan. 31. The cows have had no extra feed excepting one peck of raw potatoes to each cow per day, since they came to the barn.

A mare thirty-three years old is in daily use in Baltimore. She is so well preserved that four or five years ago a connoisseur in horse flesh made a survey of her points, more particularly subjecting her teeth to a careful scrutiny, and then sagely remarked that she was just four years of age. He also offered to break her for a moderate compensation.

Miscellaneous.

At the Beginning.

There lately passed away, at the close of a long and well-spent life, one of our wealthiest merchants—a man honored and respected by all who know him, and noted not more for his wordly wealth and honor than for his deeds of true Christian benevolence. We once heard that man tell how he commenced his business career.

At the age of sixteen, having mastered a good common school education, he went to the city in search of employment. His ambition was in the direction of mercantile pursuits. Entering a large store, to which he had been recommended as conducted by excellent men, he asked if they wished to hire a clerk. The answer was in the negative; and emphatic.

The youth reflected that if they did not want a clerk, they might be willing to hire a laborer; but his garb—he had on his very best—was hardly in keeping with the requirements of such a position; so he returned to his lodgings, and donned a garb that had seen service on the old farm, and on the following day he applied again at the same store, and asked if they wanted to hire a porter.

No—they wanted nothing of the kind.

"Then," cried the young man, earnestly, "will you not hire me as a common laborer?"

"A laborer! Are you not the same young gentleman who applied yesterday for a clerkship?"

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant, frankly. "I wish to learn your business, and I am willing to begin anywhere. I care not how humble, or even servile, the place may be, so that it be honorable, and in it I can make myself useful."

One of the partners, overhearing these last words, examined the youth more particularly, and finally hired him as a laborer in the packing and shipping department, down in the basement, where he went to work with a will. Ere long he attracted the attention of the shipping clerk, and then of the head book-keeper. It was found that in various ways he saved more by his method—saved more to his employers—than his wages amounted to. There was no petty thefts committed under his eye, nor was there any waste. If he was wanted to work till midnight, he made no complaint; if he was wanted to come to his work before daylight in the morning, he came brightly and cheerfully.

In short the young man labored to make himself not only useful, but indispensable, to his employers, and he succeeded. He was promoted from post to post thoroughly mastering everything in the way of business that came under his observation, until at length he was admitted a partner in the concern, and became, finally, the head of the house.

"And," he added as he concluded his narrative of experience, "though the beginning was somewhat rough and hard I am satisfied that my marked success has been in a great measure owing to my having made myself thoroughly acquainted with even the most trivial and servile parts of the business."

Singing in Families.

The custom of singing in families is one that cannot be too much encouraged. A love for music inculcated in early years is hard to efface in after life, and often restrains us from that which otherwise might gain the upper hand.

Among the families of Germany in years agone, it was a common practice with the parents to teach their children hymns and spiritual songs. The children had thus useful employment afforded them to fill up the time which would otherwise have been spent in idleness, if not in something worse. Frequent repetitions of them at intervals promoted to efforts connect the poetry with music, and this gradually led them to acquire a taste and cultivate a talent for singing. To this simple practice may be attributed, in a great degree, the finely cultivated musical talent of most of the German people. Show us the family where good music is cultivated, where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices together in song, and we will show you one, in almost every instance, where peace, harmony and love prevail, and where the great vices have no abiding place.

In Barmah if two married persons are tired of each other's society, they disolve partnership in the following touching but conclusive manner. They light two candles, and shutting up their hut, sit down and wait quietly until they are burned out. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house (and forever), taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else becomes the property of the other party.

If a generous but ugly boy gives his younger brother "60" for stealing one of his apples, and that night the apples give him "sixty" 2, how many apples did the younger brother receive?

A Good Fish Story.

It is a trite remark that truth is stranger than fiction, and a new illustration of it is given in the case of a remarkable coincidence which we are about to record. A year or so ago, a young couple were married and went on a short bridal tour. During their absence they were members of a party that went out to fish for salmon. By an accident the husband lost the wife's bridal ring overboard, and as it was impossible to recover it then, they gave up all idea of ever seeing it again. But a few days ago they opened a can of pickeled salmon. As he was cutting the tin the husband remarked, in a sportive way, that the can had been put up near the place where they lost the ring, and perhaps they would find it inside. He removed the top and was startled to catch a glimpse of a sparkling and glittering object, partly exposed and partly hid. With greedy haste he snatched it, and found, contrary to what the reader may imagine, that it was not the diamond ring, but a piece of solder that had been detached from the can.

An Incident of Webster.

Daniel Webster was fond of a practical joke, only a harmless one, and generally a benevolent one. He had, across the river from his Franklin farm, a small piece of sandy, barren land, with a poor house upon it, in which a very destitute family had been living without paying rent. Upon one of his visits to the place the good woman expressed her anxiety about being able to remain. She expected to be turned out, but did not know where to go. She hoped Mr. Webster would not be hard with her. He heard her through, and told her with great gravity that he knew it was a hard case for her; he wished to consider her, and did not wish to be unkind; but he had a great many to provide for. At the same time putting his hand in his pocket he took out a five dollar bill and handed it to her, saying he was very sorry he could not do better, but if she thought she could afford to stay on the place another year for that, he should be very glad, and rode off.

An American started a bank in Alaska a while ago, but the natives couldn't get checks, drafts, exchange, and discount through their heads, and so they took all the money the banker had and called it square.

AN exchange says: "Let no sly woman tempt thy sliding mind with garments gathered in a knot behind."

New Advertisements.

What is Vegetine?

It is a compound extracted from barks, roots and herbs. It is Nature's remedy. It is perfectly harmless from any bad effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening. It acts directly upon the blood. It quiets the nervous system. It gives you good, sweet sleep at night. It is a panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep—as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the great Blood Purifier. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It has relieved and cured thousands. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It relieves and cures all diseases originating from impure blood. Try the Vegetine. Give it a fair trial for your complaints; then you will say to your friend, neighbor and acquaintance, "Try it; it has cured me."

RELIABLE EVIDENCE

The following unsolicited testimonial from Rev. O. T. Walker, formerly pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston, and at present settled in Providence, R. I., must be deemed as reliable evidence. No one should fail to observe that this testimonial is the result of two years experience with the use of Vegetine in the Rev. Mr. Walker's family, who now pronounce it invaluable:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 164 Transit Street.
H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:
I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your Vegetine. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic. O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston.

THE BEST EVIDENCE.

The following letter from Rev. E. S. Best, pastor of the M. E. Church, Natick, Mass., will be read with interest by many physicians; also those suffering from the same disease as afflicted the son of the Rev. E. S. Best. No person can doubt this testimony, as there is no doubt about the curative power of Vegetine.

Natick, Mass., January 1, 1873.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—We have good reason for regarding your VEGETINE a medicine of the greatest value. We feel assured that it has been the means of saving our son's life. He is now seventeen years of age; for the last two years he has suffered from necrosis of his leg, caused by scrofulous affection, and was so far reduced that nearly all who saw him thought his recovery impossible. A council of able physicians could give us but the faintest hope of his ever rallying: two of the number declaring that he was beyond the reach of human remedies, that even amputation could not save him, as he had not vigor enough to endure the operation. Just then we commenced giving him Vegetine, and from that time to the present he has been continuously improving. He has lately resumed studies, thrown away his crutches and cane, and walks about cheerfully and strong.

Though there is still some discharge from the opening where the limb was lanced, we have the fullest confidence that in a little time he will be perfectly cured.

He has taken about three dozen bottles of Vegetine, but lately uses very little, as he declares he is too well to be taking medicine.

Respectfully Yours,
E. S. BEST.
Mrs. L. C. F. BEST.

84w

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE

IS SOLD BY

All Druggists and Dealers

EVERYWHERE.

Sechler & Co.—Groceries.

IT WILL PAY! IT WILL PAY!

To give very careful attention to the purchase of your

GROCERIES!

For economy requires that you buy nothing but FRESH PURE GOODS. We keep on hand at all times a large and carefully selected stock of goods comprising every item that properly belongs

To the Grocery Trade.

We make it one of the cardinal points of our business to sell

PURE GROCERIES

IT WILL PAY

To buy your Groceries of a firm that, in addition to selling

PURE FRESH GOODS,

also guarantees that every article purchased of them shall prove to be just as recommended, and if in any case goods do not prove to be just as they were recommended, we not only desire but make special request that they be returned, and we will render full

SATISFACTION, AND NO QUIBBLING.

IT WILL PAY

To do your trading with a house that always gives a dollars' worth for a dollar.

IT WILL PAY

To call and examine our complete stock of

FRUITS, NUTS and CONFECTIONERY

which we are now daily receiving for the

HOLIDAY TRADE.

IT WILL PAY

You handsomely to get some of our pure candies, fresh fruits and nuts for the "little folks" during the holiday season. One, or two, or five dollars, (just as you can afford) spent in this way at Christmas and New Year's will bring a better return than the same amount put on interest at one hundred per cent.

IT WILL PAY

To buy your Teas and Spices of a house that makes a specialty of that line of goods and sell only the

Finest Flavored TEAS and Strictly PURE SPICES.

IT WILL PAY

In buying anything in the line of

Groceries, Confectionery, &c.,

to call at

SECHLER & CO.'S,

BUSH HOUSE BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.

IT WILL PAY! IT WILL PAY.

IT WILL PAY. IT WILL PAY. IT WILL PAY.

Snuff Blighted Belles.

Talk about the opium eater or the whisky drinker; how much more are they to be pitied than the lady who is addicted to dipping snuff? We believe there is more snuff used in Hopkinsville than in any other place of its size in Kentucky, and its use is steadily on the increase. Hopkinsville has a reputation for beautiful women, but how long that reputation will last 'tis hard to tell. Some of the prettiest women we knew ten or twelve years ago are now nothing but faded flowers. Lips that once looked like ripe cherries, and for one kiss from which a man would almost give his right arm, now look more like dried apples than anything else we can think of. The cheek, once full and rosy, is now sunk and colorless. The chin, which looks longer, now glories in a bronze-colored stripe, which reaches down to the throat.

We were going down the street the other day, and noticed a lady coming up. It was a windy, March day, and the lady's skirts were lifted a little above her boot-tops. We knew the aristocratically arched foot, but hang it! what has become of the nicely rounded ankle? It wasn't there. When we got near enough to look into the lady's face we knew that snuff had done its work. Snuff is robbing women of their beauty and depriving them of husbands. It is more harmful than smoking, and more repulsive than chewing, and its use by ladies is almost as much to be condemned as the drinking of whisky by men; and if the ladies have grounds to talk about men drinking and smoking, they are assured that snuff dipping in the eyes of men is about as repulsive as the smell of a two cent and a half cigar, or a sniff of "rifle" whisky to the olfactories of the fair sex.

We indulge the hope that soon there will be an anti-snuff society formed which will be a twin sister of our temperance society. We have no idea how many ladies in our city will take exception to this article; if all that use snuff were to get after us, we would call their name legion, but we are upheld in our action by some of the most sensible mothers in town, in entering a protest against a habit, the adoption of which by a girl is almost as much to be dreaded by the parent as is the first taste of liquor by his son.—Hopkinsville (Ky.) *Democrat.*

The Two Agents.

A benevolent looking old gentleman with a traveling bag in his hand entered a life insurance office, and setting his bag on the floor, seated himself beside the agent.

"You insure lives here, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; that's our business."

"Yaas? Waal, now, how much might it cost to have one's life insured?"

"Well, sir, that depends on the sum you wish to be insured for. What amount do you desire on your life, sir?" asked the agent, taking down his reference book.

"Waal, s'pose we say five thousand; now, what may that come to?"

"Your age, sir?"

"Somewhere about sixty."

The agent made the calculation and informed him.

"Yaas. Waal, that's all right. And how much to pay down?"

He was told. "And now shall I make out the application for you sir?" said the agent, getting out the blanks and putting a new pen in his holder.

"Waal, let's see—let's see. To-day is Toosday, is it?"

"Yes, sir; your name is"—

"Waal, Brown's my name; but looke yer, mister," and the old man opened his bag and took out a little bottle. "I've got suthin in this bottle that'll take that wart off your nose inside of forty minits. Won't you try some?"

It is astonishing how rapidly the benevolent old gentleman went out of that office.

A New York lady was examining an applicant for the office of maid-of-all-work, when she interrogated her as follows: "Well, Mary, can you scour tinware with alacrity?" "No ma'am; I always scour it with sand."

Hardware and Stoves.

HARD WARE

will sell Ha rdware, Sto ves, Saddler y, Coach-ma kers' Mater ial, Builders
Hardware, of all kin ds, Paints, Oils, &c. Nails, Iron and Glass a
specialty, at the lowest c ash prices. Childrens' c arriages, Sh ovel Plows,
Cutting Boxes, etc. We have the best C ook Stoves and Ran ges in the market, a nd warrant them to be good. We keep
all repairs for same, and will sell lower than elsewhere. A ny one in this count y building, or dealin g in this line of
goods, will pay them to come and see us. THOMAS A. HICKS & BROTHE R, Bellefonte, Pa.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.,
(Successors to Wilson & Hicks)

Hardware.

HARDWARE
NO. 5 BROCKERHOFF ROW
J & J. HARRIS,
SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICE
All sorts of
Forks,
Chains,
Shovels,
Axes,
Grindstones
Coal Oil Lamps,
Paints,
Oils,
Varnishes,
&c
We hope by
STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS
merit and receive a share of public patronage.
BUILDERS AND OTHERS
will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock.
J. & J. HARRIS,
v5 No. 5 Brockerhoff Row.

Furniture Rooms.

NEW FURNITURE STORE!
JOHN BRACHBILL,
Manufacturer and dealer in
FURNITURE
SPRING ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.,
HAS COMPLETED HIS ELEGANT
NEW STORE
And has now on hand the best assortment of
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE
EVER OFFERED IN THIS CITY.
A very fine selection of WALL PAPER, will be found at low prices. v6n10

FURNITURE WAREROOM.
HOWARD STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.
BUREAUS,
SOFAS,
LOUNGES,
HAT RACKS,
WHAT-NOTS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
CHAIRS,
STANDS,
STOOLS, &c.,
of every description, quality and price, for sale cheaper than at any other establishment of the kind in Central Penn'a.
UNDERTAKER.
Ready-made Coffins, of all sizes and prices kept constantly on hand. Also Coffins manufactured to order.
v6n10-tf H. P. HARRIS.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting.

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING.
The undersigned give notice that they have this day formed a co-partnership in the
Plumbing And Gas Fitting
business, under the firm name of DANIEL DERR & CO., and will be ready at all times to attend to calls in their line, at the shop of Daniel Derr, in Bellefonte. All work will be done at
REASONABLE PRICES
and in a workmanlike manner.
Bellefonte, Pa., November 8, 1875.
DANIEL DERR,
7-45 JOHN W. BARNES.

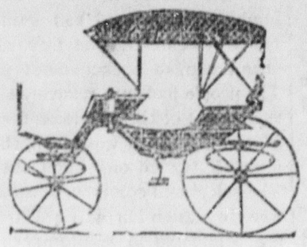
GALBRAITH & WHITE,
PLUMBERS,
GAS & STEAM FITTERS.
We pay particular attention to heating buildings by steam. Copper smithing and re-bronzing old gas fixtures done nicely and expeditiously. All our work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
GALBRITH & WHITE,
Bellefonte, Pa.
17-1y

Steamship Line.

FOR FLORIDA.
FOR THROUGH PASSAGE TICKETS to ST. AUGUSTINE and all landings on ST. JOHN'S RIVER, and interior points in FLORIDA, by steamship to SAVANNAH, and thence by railroad or steamboat,
Apply to WM. L. JAMES, General Agent
Ph'ladel'a and Southern Mail S. Co
4:6 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

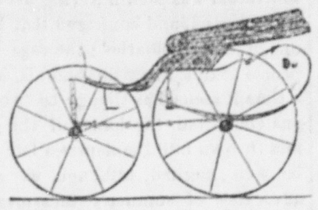
Carriages.

S. A. McQUISTION



MANUFACTURER OF
Buggies, Carriages,
Wagons Sleighs, &c.,
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO!
SHOPS NEAR THE DEPOT, BELLEFONTE PA. 5-4-1y

REMOVAL.
EDWARD A. BULLOCK & CO,
MILESBURG.
MANUFACTURERS OF



BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES
SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.
AND LUMBER WAGONS
Having rebuilt our factory, lately burned in the great fire at Milesburg, we have removed from Bellefonte, and can now be found at our new place of business near
CENTRAL CITY MILLS.
Thankful to our friends for past favors we solicit a continuance of their patronage at our new establishment.
Repairing Neatly and Carefully Done,
and satisfaction guaranteed.
Our motto is, **As Cheap as the Cheapest and Good as the Best.**
7-23-1y

WAGONS FOR SALE.—The undersigned has on hand some first-class two-horse wagons which they will dispose of for cash.—They intend keeping on hand wagons of the most improved style and finish. Persons wishing a first class wagon will do well to call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. GEO. RIDER & SON,
6-8-tf Central City, Centre co., Pa.

Dry Goods.

HARPER BROTHERS
SPRING STREET,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
DEALERS IN
ENGLISH
—AND—
West India Goods
FLOUR & GRAIN,
Have just received a Large and Well-selected Stock of
Dry Goods
AND
GROCERIES
which they are selling at
PANIC PRICES
Always glad to show their goods whether you buy or not.
CALL AND SEE
vol7no47ly

Hardware and Stoves.

HARD WARE
THOMAS A. H ICKS & BRO.,
(Successors to Wilson & Hicks)
ves, Saddler y, Coach-ma kers' Mater ial, Builders
ds, Paints, Oils, &c. Nails, Iron and Glass a
ash prices. Childrens' c arriages, Sh ovel Plows,
ook Stoves and Ran ges in the market, a nd warrant them to be good. We keep
than elsewhere. A ny one in this count y building, or dealin g in this line of
THOMAS A. HICKS & BROTHE R, Bellefonte, Pa.

For Sale.

Timothy Seed &c.
FOR SALE.
A FINE LOT OF
Timothy Seed,
ORCHARD GRASS
AND
WISCONSIN
LARGE CLOVER SEED,
and five hundred bushels
—HUNGARIAN GRASS SEED—
JUST RECEIVED
FROM THE WEST,
And for sale by
ABRAHAM SUSSMAN.
v8n7-tf

Fire-arms.

GREAT REDUCTION!
Good Revolvers - $4.50
Single Shot Guns $3 to $12.00
Double Guns $8 to $150.00
Powder, Shot, Cartridges,
BREECH-LOADING & MUZZLE-LOADING
SHOT GUNS & RIFLES
at the lowest possible rates.
FIREARMS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY REPAIRED.
SHOP ON HIGH STREET,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
THEODORE DESCHNER.
7-3-1y

Foundries.

W. P. Duncan & Co,
Bellefonte, Pa.
ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
HOUSTON WATER WHEEL
STEAM ENGINES,
CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,
ROLLING MILL
AND
Grist Mill Machinery.
v5n46a812-1y

For Sale at this Office.

FOR SALE.
A GOOD SECOND HAND
FLORENCE
SEWING MACHINE,
VERY CHEAP
Enquire at this office

Flour and Feed.

DUNCAN, HALE & CO.,
(Successors to John M. Wagner & Co.,)
MANUFACTURERS OF
FLOUR, FEED, &c.,
AND DEALERS IN
ALL KINDS OF GRAIN
The highest market price paid for
WHEAT, RYE,
CORN,
OATS, &c
6-39-1y

Lumber etc.

TO BUILDERS!
HAVING purchased the Beech Creek Saw Mill Property, at Snow Shoe, Centre county, Pa., I am prepared to fill orders for
WHITE & YELLOW PINE,
OAK
HEMLOCK LUMBER.
Also, for
SHINGLES, PLASTERING LATH AND PALINGS.
W. M. HOLMES,
Post Office Address, Bellefonte, Centre Co Pa. -374

Coal Lime, &c.

Coal! Coal! Coal!
HAVING erected new Coal Sheds and new Scales, (Fairbanks') we are prepared to furnish the
Very Best Quality
OF
Wilkesbarre and Shamokin Coal!
to all who may want the same, at the
MOST REASONABLE PRICES
Our Coal is of the very
BEST IN THE MARKET
and will be delivered at the residence of all parties in Bellefonte, as low as the same quality of coal can be had elsewhere.
OFFICE IN McCAFFERTY'S BUILDING, (opposite the depot)
J. R. & C. T. ALEXANDER.

WM. SHORTLIDGE BOND VALENTINE
Shortlidge & Co.,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
COAL UNDER ROOF,
FROM THE
WILKESBARRE BALTIMORE COAL CO'S MINES,
prepared expressly for family use.
BEST COAL IN THE MARKET!
Also, SHAMOKIN ANTHRACITE COAL.
LIME!
WOOD or COAL BURNT,
challenges competition as to quality.
Agents for the sale of
DUPONT'S POWDER
RIFLE, SPORTING and BLASTING POWDER constantly on hand, which is sold in large or small quantities.
FUSE—BEST COTTON, HEMP AND TAPE FUSE for BLASTING,
FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY,
all of which are being sold at the very LOWEST PRICES.
CONSUMERS OF AND DEALERS IN THE ABOVE ARTICLES ARE SOLICITED TO GIVE US A CALL!
Office and Yard near South End of Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Depot.
v6n34-1y

Publication.

THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES
"The Times" is a first-class
Independent Morning Newspaper
and has closed its first year with an established bona fide circulation larger than that of any other daily in Pennsylvania, with a single exception. It has now the most perfect machinery and appliances for printing its large edition, having two new Hoe Perfecting Presses, each capable of printing 30,000 complete copies of the "The Times" in an hour, so that it can give the very latest news and make the earliest delivery to its readers. It contains
ALL THE LATEST NEWS,
including the Associated Press Telegrams, Special Telegrams and Correspondence from all points of interest, Full and Accurate Local Reports, and Fearless Editorial Discussion of all Current Topics, making it the most complete and cheapest newspaper in Pennsylvania.
"THE TIMES" IS THOROUGHLY INDEPENDENT
in everything, and will, in all political struggles, be faithful to truth and its own convictions. It makes no hollow pretence of neutrality on the leading questions of the day, or in political contests as they pass, but will ever discard the blind partisanship that would subordinate the right to party success, no matter for what organization, or in whose interest such claim is made, and will fearlessly criticise political errors, and the want of public integrity wherever found. It demands economy and fidelity in every department of authority, City, State and National, and boldly arraigns those of every party who abuse public trust. It discusses public issues, public events and public men, with that measure of freedom that is dictated by truth, but that dignity and courtesy which should ever characterize the press of the most enlightened nation of the world. Price two cents per copy; mail subscribers, postage prepaid, six dollars a year, or fifty cents a month.
Address, THE TIMES,
8-16-4t 713 Chestnut street, Phila.

Scales.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES

FAIRBANKS
THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD
Over 300 Modifications.
TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF EVERY BUSINESS
FAIRBANKS & EWING,
715 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

Hotels.

RAIL ROAD HOUSE
Corner Front and Pine Street,
PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO. Pa.
ROBERT LOYD, Prop'r.
The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v6n26-1y

MERCHANTS HOTEL,
CUMMINGS & MAUGLE,
FOURTH ST.
A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The accomodations at the "Merchants" are first class and prices moderate. 5-9-1y

Watches.

WATCHMAKER'S
REMOVAL.
F. C RICHARDS
takes this opportunity to inform his friends that he has removed to the new building lately erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door to the office of Alexander & Co., on High St. At his new store he has increased facilities for doing business and guarantees entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired upon shortest notice. v6n7-m6-tf

Ocean Steamers.

AMERICAN LINE
MAIL STEAMSHIPS.
ONLY
LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.
Sailing every Thursday from PHILADELPHIA
For QUEENSTOWN & LIVERPOOL.
CABIN, INTERMEDIATE & STEERAGE
Accommodations Unsurpassed,
Rates as low as by any other First-Class Line.
PETERWRIGHT & SONS, General Agents.
W. W. POTTER, PHILADELPHIA
Penn R. R. Office, Agent, Bellefonte.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Lodge Directory.

Bayard Post, No. 96, G. A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M., meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 58, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72 I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each full moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Chapter, 24., R. A. M. meets on Thursday night preceeding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constans Commandery, No. 33, K. T., meets the second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Bellefonte and County.

——Use coco-camphorine.

——Are you going to the Centennial?

——Choice flower seeds, at Green's.

——Moulton is very anxious to have Beecher have a fair trial, and Beecher is just as anxious to have no trial at all.

——Prices on trimmed goods ranging from 5 cents to $15, and every one can be suited in both style and price, at Mrs. M. K. Dare's.

——The silver coin that has been paid out of our banks has gone where the "woodbine twineth." We do not see any of it circulating, any how.

——It will be some time yet before the average church goer can drop a silver quarter into the box and forget there is no premium to come back to him.

——The household goods of Rev. Mr. Wylie are being sold at private sale. Whatever remains unsold by next Friday, will be disposed of at public auction on Saturday, at one o'clock P. M.

——A reverend gentleman by the name of Butler, preached in the Presbyterian church of this place, on last Sunday. His discourse was listened to with great interest. He is a forcible speaker and a thorough theological scholar.

——Senator Hamlin has not been known to send a letter through the mails since the Senate snubbed his postage bill. He is the maddest old baldhead in Congress. We hope he may keep mad as long as he lives and let the mails alone in the future.

——The eighth annual convention of the Centre County Sabbath School Association will be held in Centre Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6th and 7th. Committees in Centre Hall and Bellefonte are maturing the arrangements, which will be published more fully next week.

——Anna Dickinson makes her first appearance upon the stage at Boston, this week. She says she shall blame no one if she is not a success as an actress. We have seen Anna, and think she is a good-looking girl, who ought to have success. Take for your motto, dear, "Success or pizen."

——A correspondent from Curtin township, informs us that Mrs. Hannah Seighferd of Black Moshannon, this county, a sister of Mrs. Wm. Womer, of Curtin township had her 12th child, April 9th, 1876. Mrs. Seighferd is in her 39th year. That is good, and all we have to say is, Long live the fruitful mother of the Black Moshannon.

PLAYED OUT.—Free puffs and free advertising are among the things that were. Almost daily we are in receipt of letters and circulars asking that we give them a notice, and oblige. We are not in that kind of business, and if you want a notice send us the requisite, and we will give you the worth of your money.

——The sale of the property of James Alexander, late of Milesburg, which was advertised for sale May 6th (last Saturday), has been postponed to Saturday, May 20th. A report was circulated, previous to the sale, that full cash payments would be required. This report prevented some who desired to purchase, but were not prepared with the cash, from attending the sale. These terms are not required, but one-half the purchase money down and the balance in two equal annual payments will be received. This is very desirable property, and should, on these liberal terms, meet with ready sale.

——On Saturday night last, during the absence of the watchman, Michael Shank, a fire broke out in the engine house belonging to the Bellefonte and Snow Shoe railroad company, located near Snow Shoe city. Engine No. —, run by Jerry Nolan, was housed at the time. The house was a total loss, and the engine was much damaged by the heat, the wood work being entirely destroyed.

This is another instance of the uncertainty of misplaced confidence. A man who is left in charge of property during the night time, and goes away from it without the permission of his employer, is certainly guilty of a crime, and ought to be subject to a criminal prosecution. If such things are to be tolerated by law, the protection by watchmen hangs on a very slender thread.

——The *Berichter* is no more, but is supplanted by the Millheim *Journal*. Foote, the old editor, has retired from the editorial profession for the present, and the paper has now a staff of editors and proprietors that would do for one of our more pretentious metropolitan contemporaries. The business manager of the paper is A. Walter. His duty is set forth in a leader on the local page as taking the money and cashing the checks, a most difficult task sometimes, especially for newspaper men. B. O. Deininger is the local editor, and attends to the business of the office, and R. A. Bumiller, who was formerly a compositor in this office, is the editor-in-chief. Mr. Bumiller is a fine German scholar, and will no doubt make the German department right lively. In his opening greeting to his patrons he speaks among other things of the fact that he is a foreigner—not having been in the country but about four years, and although he has pleasant recollections of Fatherland, yet Millheim is to him another Fatherland—that he loves its people, &c. It is a little gushing; but then that is excusable when we bear in mind that the young man is lately married and found his wife among the good people of Millheim. We think they have a pretty strong team for a small paper; yet that is their business, not ours, and we hope they will meet with abundant success. They define their policy as Democratic, but reserve to themselves the right to bolt the ticket whenever, in their judgment, bad nominations are made. This policy is not only shadowed by Mr. Deininger in the local department, but by Mr. Bumiller in the German part of the journal. We think if they carry out this policy faithfully they will bolt about every nomination that is made by the Meek ring of the party in our county affairs. They have, with a fearlessness that is pleasant to see, put up the name of our distinguished townsman, Andrew G. Curtin, for President, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for Vice-President of these United States, and they don't want this order of things reversed, either. Wel', it is our opinion that the Democracy could not make a better selection, and we hope the *Journal* may succeed in securing the nomination of these men; but then it would be too bad, after all, for they could not be elected. We shall watch this *Berichter-Journal* for a while with no little interest, and shall hope to see them redeem their promise to make the paper better than it has been in the past.

——The spirit of improvement is alive on the east end of Linn street. Since January, 1875, fifty thousand dollars worth of work has been done in that locality. This work has all been accomplished by private enterprise, and has been pushed forward with vigor. The borough has for the last year been urged to afford to these parties good street facilities, and although they have not been slow in promises, they have been most awful slow in the fulfillment of them. All the winter through men have been idly walking about begging for work, willing to take anything for pay that would afford any chance of being negotiated. There was not a time last winter that men could not have been hired cheap, and been paid in borough orders to do this work, and yet nothing was done; and these men who had spent their money freely to improve and beautify our town, are left without a street that can be traveled over with safety. The excuse of the Council has been that they have no money. Our answer is, Why did they not hire men last winter, when they could obtain them cheap, and pay them in borough orders? We know the town is in debt, but all agree that street facilities must be afforded these men; and would it not have been the part of economy to hire men when they could have been obtained on the most reasonable terms? If the work is an absolute necessity, and must be done, why delay? Is there anything to be gained by procrastination? The contract, after a long time, has been awarded to Dick McCafferty, but the Lord only knows when the work will be done. Then there is a nuisance on the corner of Linn and Ridge street, a cess pool of filth and polution, out of which, during the summer months, if not removed, a death-dealing malaria will arise, which may carry disease and death to many families in our town. This is really a matter of importance to the people of the whole community, and should be abated with as little delay and red tape as possible. In fact, we should not stand upon the order of doing it, but do it at once. The malaria arising from such places is a fruitful source of intermitting and remitting diseases, and has been known to be carried by the wind a distance of three or four miles. Is it not, then, a matter of importance, and should not this nuisance be abated at once?

——Our typos have Centennial on the brain. Last week Mr. Zeller, one of our most enterprising druggists, who hangs out his shingle on Allegheny St., in Brockerhoff Row, brought in a local about concentrated lye, and they made it "Centennial lye." But whether it is concentrated or centennial, or concentrated centennial, J. Zeller & Son is the place to go and buy it.

——The journeymen tailors of Rochester, New York, are on a strike, and coat tails are quoted as "short."

—— Shaw's combination troupe made a grand entrance into Bellefonte last Saturday on a freight train. They were to perform two nights in Reynolds' Hall. Their agent, a seedy looking fellow, by the name of Daniels, came here about a week ahead of the troupe, boarded at the Bush House, and left without paying his bill. The proprietor, Shaw, never put in an appearance. The performance which was to have come off Saturday evening, did not come off; and Monday evening no one went to hear them, and as they were dead broke, the troupe left here for Williamsport on foot. They cheated every one here who had anything to do with them, and we should advise the people of Williamsport, and every other place where they may put in an appearance, to let them alone.

POISONED BY EATING MATCHES.—On Friday, April 21, a little daughter of John Counsel, of Liberty twp., seven years of age, got possession of some matches, and eat the brimstone off of them. The child was taken vomiting, but the parents did not know the cause of the sickness until they detected the smell of sulphur in what the child threw from its stomach. Everything was done to relieve the little sufferer, but without avail, and the child died from the effects of the poison on the morning of the twenty-second.

This sad accident should be a warning to all parents to use care to keep these things from children. It is very natural for a child to put what it gets into its mouth. It was found that the child above mentioned, had eaten the heads off from nine matches. Parents must remember that matches are very dangerous things to leave in the way of children.

ACCIDENT.—Last Friday evening John Griffith, Esq., of Pleasant Gap, was in town, and as he was returning home with Mr. Larimer, he was thrown from his carriage and quite seriously hurt. Mr. Larimer and another gentleman, whose name we have forgotten, had seated themselves in the carriage while Mr. Griffith was talking to Mr. Twitmire and getting into the carriage at the same time. His companions, supposing he was seated, started the team, when he was thrown out, the wheels passing over his face, and was so badly hurt that he was insensible for some time; but we are glad to learn that his injuries are not of a serious nature, and that he will soon be about again. We think he is quite fortunate in escaping injury, for Mr. Larimer is no baby in size, and, although he is a bundle of good nature, we do not think he is so light that we should like to have him ride over us either in a buggy or a baby carrage.

THE CENTENNIAL EDUCATIONAL FUND.—Contributions to the Centennial Educational Fund by townships, boroughs and schools of Centre county, are as follows:

HAINES—$16 00; Aaronsburg prim. $1 00; Vonada $1 00; Woodward $1 25; Mountain 40c.
POTTER—$5 00; Potters Mills prim. 50c; Potters Mills gram. $2 20; Churchville 50c; Plum Grove 75c; Pine Stump $1 00; Earlystown 80c; Pine Grove 75c; Centre Hall intermediate 55c; Prospect Hill 50c.
IND. DIST.—$5 00; school 60c.
BURNSIDE—$5 00; Laurel Run $1 15.
MILES—Rebersburg prim. 50c; Rebersburg gram. $2 00; Harter's 75c; Bumgard's 76c; Stover's 72c; Madisonburg prim. 50c.
FURGUSON—Pine Grove prim. 50c; Centre 75c.
HOWARD—Mount Eagle $1 25; Gravel Hill 1 00; Kennedy 50c.
HOWARD BOR.—$5 00.
GREGG—Spring Mills 60c; Mountain 25c; Murray's 35c.
PATTON—Stony Point $1 00.
WALKER—Zion 50c.
MARION—Jacksonville prim. 75c; Hoy's 50c.
PENN—Millheim gram. 80c.
PHILIPSBURG BOR.—$7 50.
HARRIS—$10 00.
SNOW SHOE—$10 00.
BELLEFONTE BOR.—$10 00.
LIBERTY—$10 00.
Amount contributed by pupils, $27 60; by school boards, $92 50.

These are all the schools and districts that have been heard from. Some may not have reported yet.

——"Reliance Machine Works" is the name of the new concern that is now occupying one of the car factory buildings. George Birtchall is the superintendent, and John Dewees, shop foreman. There are about forty men employed at present with a prospect of doubling the number before long. The employees are mostly from Philadelphia. While it has not been our pleasure to make their acquaintance, we are free to say that their fine appearance and gentlemanly deportment on the street commands the admiration and commendation of our older citizens. It is understood that the most of these gentlemen have come here for the purpose of permanently locating; but the rates asked for house rent are very unsatisfactory to them, and it is our opinion that the sooner owners of houses lower their ideas on house rents, the sooner these mechanics will feel that they are in a town among their friends, and who desire them to remain with us. There is no good reason why house rents should not come down with the common crash. Some owners are now asking upwards of a hundred per cent. more for house rents than they obtained for similar property before the war, which has more of a tendency to drive men away, than attract them to our town. Down with the rents.

GREAT FIRE AT WILLIAMSPORT.—Within a week the city of Williamsport has been twice scourged by the fire fiend in both instances it was the work of an incendiary. Last Saturday night about nine o'clock, an alarm of fire was given. The fire was in the very heart of the lumber section, and had gained good headway before it was discovered. At once the greatest excitement prevailed. The people had not recovered from the excitement of the previous fire, and as soon as the alarm was given, they seemingly all turned out upon the streets. The select and common Councils which were in session hurredly adjourned. The fire originated in the lumber yards of Barrows & Co. About ten o'clock it had gained such headway that the fire department telegraphed for assistance to Lock Haven and Milton, which soon arrived. The Rev. Crittenden, of this place, arrived in the city just as the fire was at its height, and he describes the scene as truly magnificent. He never saw firemen work more industriously, or fight fire with more desperation. Great piles of lumber melted down like wax in a fiery furnace. It was not until one o'clock that it was brought under subjection, and from this time until morning the fire gradually decreased. During the progress of the fire, a suspicious looking individual was seen hovering about. He was arrested, and confessed that he was one of the incendiaries; the rage of the people at this, knew no bounds, and for a time it seemed as though he would be snatched from the hands of the police, and thrown into the flames, a fate which he well merited, although we are no advocates of summary measures. He gave the name of Augustus Hyde, and said he came from Duboistown. He was followed to the jail by a jeering and threatening crowd. The losses, as near as we can obtain them up to time of going to press, are as follows:

Mess. Hebard & Smith had, on about 400,000 feet of lumber piled in their lower yard, east of the canal cut-off, an insurance, it is understood, of $50,000; nearly, if not quite, enough to cover their loss. Burrows & Co., the former lessees of the Beaver Mills, had piled in the yard between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 feet of lumber, on which they had an insurance of $100,000. This stock was of a very fine quality. The total insurance on the burned property, taken through the agency of McVeagh & Schneider, will foot up about $70,000. The Lycoming Insurance Company has, on the Hebard & Smith lumber, $3,000, and on that of Burrows & Co., $5,000, taken through the agency of H. W. Watson. The Fire Association lose on the lumber of Barrows & Co., $2,500, and on Hebard & Smith, $2,500, also through the agency of H. W. Watson. The Beaver Mills and Lumber Company had in the yard only the lumber sawed last week, perhaps 400,000 feet, which is probably insured fully. It is understood that they also had an insurance of about $8,000 on tracks and trestles. B. H. Taylor & Son lose about all that was piled in their southern yard—about 4,250,000 feet, on which they had had an insurance of $50,000. Their lumber in the north yard, which was uninjured, bore an insurance of $15,000. They also had an insurance of $5,000 on trestles and tracks, including both yards. Their houses, seven in number, mostly occupied by employees, were also insured, and were in great jeopardy. They are insured in McVeagh & Schneider's, Black's and H. E. Taylor's agencies. It is believed the loss will reach nearly $250,000.

——A gentleman from the State College called last week and paid for his paper, but did not want us to say anything about it; so "mum is the word." We received, some time ago, the catalogue of this college, and if we might judge from that we should say that it was in a very prosperous condition—that each added year of its existence, was adding to its prosperity and usefulness. This institution is destined, in the near future, to become a monument of glory and pride, not only to the people of this county, but to the people of the whole State. It has now an able and efficient corps of teachers, and must soon take rank as a rival to some of the older institutions of the East. We cannot see why the State does not take hold and make this college one of the best in the world. Massachusetts has endowed Harvard with millions. Why cannot the great and prosperous State of Pennsylvania do as well for this child of its own creating? Not that the State should give millions to this object at once, but that it should exercise a fatherly care over it, and nurture it into a strong and vigorous life, so that from this centre to the very circumference shall flow streams that shall bless the people as long as time shall last.

——The Detroit *Free Press* says: "Nothing has been heard of Stanley since he struck a tribe whose chief had one hundred and fifty wives for sale." Is it possible that the great explorer would let one hundred and fifty second-hand women turn his steps aside?

——Brazil must be a good place to run a paper. They say that a journalist there who cannot afford to wear a diamond pin, is looked upon as having mistaken his calling and soon slinks out of sight.

——The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: Mr. Blackbord has been arrested in North Carolina for not paying his debts. Why don't his creditors take some chalk and draw on him.

——Cucumbers are only sixty cents apiece in Philadelphia.

PERSONAL.—David Keller, of Boalsburg, called last week, and paid his own and also the subscription of Henry Keller of same place. Mr. Keller is one of the most thrifty farmers in the county, and has been a large dealer in stock of various kinds in his time. He had at one time a practical illustration of the tremendous freight charged on the Bald Eagle branch in bringing stock from the West. He found it cost more for freight on this branch than it did for all the balance of the distance, and it would have been much cheaper to have driven the stock from Tyrone, than to have paid the freight on it from that place to Bellefonte. Can there be any doubt in the minds of any that, if we could obtain cheaper rates of local freight, it would add much to the prosperity of our town? Will our condition be any better in this respect when the road is continued from here to Millheim, if it ever is continued? We have heard very little about it lately, except the "Watchman" comes out pompously with some dispatch purporting to have been sent to P. Gray Meek. If President Miller would keep on sueing Meek about once in three months, we might get dispatches enough to keep up a little interest in the matter, any how. As Meek is running the Commissioners' office now, perhaps he can build the road himself and pay for it out of the county Treasury.

—Samuel H. Kunes, of Blanchard, called to see us, and help us along with a few stamps. We are always glad to see Samuel, for he is a whole-souled fellow. He keeps a hotel at Blanchard, and what is better, he keeps a good, first-class house. He is a faithful, law abiding citizen, and although he has obtained license, he is a strict observer of the letter of the law, and no minors or intemperate persons can obtain a drink at his house. If all the licensed houses were in as good hands, there would be very little drunkenness and rioting on account of drink, and less cause for complaint by the temperance people.

—E. M. Lucas paid our agent. Mr. Lucas lives at Fleming. We think he must be a good Republican; if not, he ought to be, if he is like some of the Lucas's we know. He is a live, energetic fellow—hope he will call on us when in town.

—George E. Wasson, of Lemont, is one of the best farmers in that section. He called upon us last week. He is one of our old and tried friends, always prompt in the discharge of all his obligations. In fact, he is one of those prompt kind of men who do not want to read a paper that is not paid for.

—We have six hundred subscribers in Bellefonte and Milesburg, and among this host is James Zimmerman, one of the best farmers of the Bald Eagle valley. He is a good Republican and a live, energetic business man. He is always ready with the stamps to pay for his paper in advance.

—We were honored last week by a call from Gen. S. Miles Green, an old patron of our paper, and a pleasant, agreeable gentleman. He is well known by the people of this section, and is honored and respected by all.

—Joseph Thompson, of Port Matilda, is always on hand at the beginning of every year. We regard it as a most fortunate circumstance that the REPUBLICAN has so many good, prompt paying subscribers. To this we attribute our success, right in the face of the fact that the Democratic Commissioners refuse to make our paper the medium through which they reach the people. The reason no doubt is that they do not care to trust their garbled reports to the most intelligent portion of the citizens of this county. Well, perhaps this is the best way for them. They certainly have reason to be ashamed of their work, especially when they charge three dollars a day for loafing around Bellefonte doing nothing. We do not think any of them are so handsome that the people care to pay them for setting around the Court House for ornaments. We can think of a great many things that would be much more ornamental.

—William T. Thompson, of Buffalo Run. We have no less than twenty subscribers on our list by the name of Thompson, and there is not a bad egg in the lot. They are a first-class family from first to last, and are destined in the future, as they have in the past, to have a great influence upon the rise and progress of the various industries and charities of Centre county. Mr. William Thompson is one of our most prompt-paying subscribers, and a good Republican.

MARRIED.

On May 4th, by Rev. James Calder, D. D., Mr. Jacob Martz and Miss S. Alice Hamer, all of State College.

On March 30, by Rev. W. M. Landis, Mr. O. Hardenburg, of New York, and Miss Josie Auman, of Millheim.

On the 26 inst., by the same, Mr. Harvey Shrack and Miss Emmira Frantz, both of Sugar valley, Clinton county.

DIED.

On Monday, May 1st, at Morrisdale Mines Clearfield county, Mrs. Mary E. Walker, wife of Ada n Walker, aged 63 years.

TO LET.—Two rooms on the second floor of Bush's Arcade, suitable for dwelling. Inquire of W. T. Twitmire

COMMERCIAL.

PHILADELPHIA.—The wheat market, as the season advances, shows signs of lower prices. Red wheat $1 49 and $1.50; amber, $1.51 and $1.52.

The low rates of freight caused by a misunderstanding among the railroad magnates, has a tendency to demoralize the grain trade, and dealers are disposed to hold off, except for immediate wants.

We append the latest news on the railroad war:

"The railway war does not abate in severity in the slightest degree. The latest indication of the bitterness of the contest is the fact reported from Chicago that 1,200 cars are under contract to take grain from that city to Baltimore and Philadelphia, at 20c per hundred, which, we may remark, is just exactly the rate charged from Chicago to Pittsburg, and from Bellefonte to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Rumors are in circulation that the fight is to extend to west bound freight and passenger traffic, which it may do, but as yet there is no better authority for the supposition than that the fight seems to grow in bitterness between the Central and Hudson on the one hand, and Baltimore, and Ohio and Pennsylvania roads on the other. That the winter rates could not be maintained after the opening of the lake and canal navigation was a foregone conclusion, but, as the New York *Herald* says: "Whether Mr. Vanderbilt can profitably fight, even with his partially four-track line, steam on the canal, is a problem that time and a stoppage of the issue of construction bonds only will solve."

"The latest feature of the railway war, as we learn from the New York *Post*, is a contract to take 140,000 bushels of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool at the rate of forty-two cents in gold, which is only a little more than one-half the usual rate before the recent trouble. The trusted friends of the New York Central managers express the opinion that the New York Central will maintain a position of independence; this means, undoubtedly, that they are ready for hostilities. The same paper says that among other things required of Commodore Vanderbilt, was a pledge to the Michigan Central that he would not, for five years, complete the Chicago and Canada Southern road into Chicago, and that he refused to make such a pledge, and that this lead to the unloading yesterday of a very large amount of Michigan Central stock. So long as he controls the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern this line will probably be run in harmony with the Canada Southern line, but evidently he has acquired control of the latter so as to hold the handle of the whip in any possible emergency, and that he did not choose to relinquish any advantage to the other rival line, the Michigan Central is not strange.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, May 10, 1876.

The competition in the mercantile trade of our town was never more active than now. Business men are gradually coming back to the old idea of preferring the "nimble sixpence to a slow shilling."

WHEAT.—The quantity of wheat in first hands is very small, but owing to the engagements of farmers there is none being delivered.

CORN.—The offerings of corn are in excess of the demand, the quality of a great deal of which is very inferior, and prices vary according to quality. If farmers expect to obtain the full price for corn they must deliver a marketable article. We regret to learn that some men are disposed to palm off very poor corn on those who are willing to pay full prices for good quality. This is wrong in principle, and only gives those men a bad name who indulge in such practices. Fair dealing under all circumstances should be the cardinal principles of every man.

Rye and Oats are nominal.

HAY.—The price of hay is lower than it has been for many years. Clover has been sold at $13 and $14 per ton, and timothy at $15 and $16 per ton.

POTATOES.—The sales of potatoes are confined to our local market, and the prices from wagons on the street range from 15 to 20 cents per bushel. If the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had have been as liberal with the people of our own State as they were with those of adjoining States, the surplus of potatoes could have been shipped at prices that would have covered first cost to the producers, or very nearly so.

CLOVERSEED—Buyers are off.

BUTTER—The cash buyers of butter have already stimulated producers to put a better quality on the market, and consumers will do well to patronize those who buy for cash.

QUOTATIONS.

White Wheat per bushel	$1 25@1 30
Red wheat	1 25
Rye per bushel	75
Corn, cob	40
Corn, shelled	40@45
Oats	30@35
Flour, retail per barrel	7.00
Flour, wholesale	6.00

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay choice timothy per ton	$20 00
Hay Mixed per ton	15.00@18 00
Long rye straw, bundled per ton	10 00
Short straw per ton	6.00@8 00
Clover seed	9 00

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	9 50
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	11 50

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by S. A. Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per pound	12
Apples, per bush	125
Cherries, dried, per pound	10c
Beans per quart	10
Fresh Butter per pound	30
Chickens, per piece	25
Turkeys, per pound	10
Cheese, per pound	20
Hams, per pound	18
Bacon	12 & 14
Lard, per pound	15
Eggs, per doz	15
Tallow, per pound	7
Potatoes, per bush	20
Dried Beef	25
Cod Fish, boneless	12
Canned Tomatoes, per can	18
Oranges, per doz	40
Lemons, per doz	40

——Quotations of WHITE, POWELL & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6, 1876.

	BID.	ASKED.
U. S. 1881, c	122¾	123¼
" 5-20 " '65, M. and N	114¾	114¾
" " " '65, J. and J	118¾	118¾
" " " '67, " "	120¾	121
" " " '68, " "	122¾	122¾
" 10-40 coupon	118¾	118¾
" Pacific 6's, cy	126¾	127
New 5's, Reg. 1881	117¾	117¾
" " c 1881	119¼	117¾
Called Bonds		
Gold	122¾	123¼
Silver		
Pennsylvania	82¾	82¾
Reading	44¾	44¾
Philadelphia and Erie	18¾	18¾
Lehigh Navigation	47	47¾
" Valley	58¾	58¾
United R. R. of J	134¾	135
Oil Creek	16¾	16¾
Northern Central	34	34¾
Central Transportation	47	47¾
Nesquehoning	53	54
C. & A. Mortgages 6's	104¾	105